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No.117 September 1993

DWM 'Fanzine of the Year'

Cregeen Exposed:

Disinterest scuppered "Dark Dimension"

Degeneration of the Daleks!

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To mark ten years of publication DreamWatch Bulletin - winner of numerous DWM and DWAS fanzine poll awards - launches the first of two major compilations at the end of September; a Compendium of the very best articles and features from our first 100 issues, all completely revised and updated. For the first time under one cover...

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ANOTHER rushed finish to the issue, with the news pages left largely in Gary's hands, aside from the actual layout, as I struggled to bring the feature pages in within a three week turn around. This issue sees the appearance of tasters for a couple of occasional features - Neglected Gems, covering stories and series which might otherwise be overlooked, and Borderline, covering series and writers on the boundary of telefantasy - and in both cases I'll be interested to see your reactions... Just as interesting are the series survey results so far — there a few unexpected results.

ANTHONY

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Cover: Degeneration of the Daleks? *The Dalek Invasion of Earth* (© Hulton Deutsch); *Remembrance of the Daleks* (© Gary Leigh)
Inside back cover: Dodo (Jackie Lane) from *The Ark* (© Rex Features)
Back cover: Jon Pertwee, Lis Sladen and Nicholas Courtney reunited for *Paradise of Death* (©BBC, photographer Tully Chaudry), a new five-part DOCTOR WHO adventure commencing on Radio 5 on Friday, August 22 at 6.30pm...

THANKS TO: J Jeremy Bentham, Tony Clark, Anthony McKay, Anthony Clark,Seamus MacGibbon, Gordon Barr, BBS Listings, BBC Video, Virgin Books, all the feature writers this issue (and anyone I've forgotten!).

NEXT ISSUE:
Quatermass and the Pit.
THE CHAMPIONS - 25th Anniversary
The Trial of a Time Lord
THE NEXT GENERATION season six climax
& MUCH MORE!!!

NOTICE: Due to our increasing circulation, it is no longer practical for us to supply DWB on an issue by issue basis. We apologise to any readers who this may inconvenience, and hope that you will be able either to take out a full subscription, or locate DWB at one of the many comic shops and dealers which stock it.

SABOTAGED!!

CREGEEN "ORCHESTRATED CAMPAIGN" TO SCUPPER 'DARK DIMENSION'

A DISTURBING PICTURE is emerging of BBC producer-designate Peter Cregeen's involvement in the events leading up to the cancellation of the approved 96-minute, 30th anniversary DOCTOR WHO special, *Lost in the Dark Dimension.*

Various BBC personnel, both directly and indirectly connected with the project, have alleged to DWB that Peter Cregeen fermented unrest in various BBC departments against the project, prompting it's cancellation.

Accusations levelled against Cregeen include:

a) Deliberately padding out *Dark Dimension's* allocated budget of £750,000 to £1.2 million in a move designed to "price it out of production";

b) Provoking allies in the Drama Department to "kick up a stink" about BBC Enterprises setting themselves up as a drama production house, and;

c) Displaying "an attitude of total disinterest" at production meetings.

These statements might seem puzzling considering Cregeen's approval and praise of the script which he first saw back in February, but then he was Head of Series under newcomer Alan Yentob, with no sign of the demotion that would soon relegate him back to being a producer. And Cregeen himself would have been the last person to imagine that among the series Head of Drama Charles Denton would assign him to oversee as producer - with still a few months of his contract as Head of Series to run - would be the very one he resisted, in tandem with Jonathan Powell, in returning to BBC1 - DOCTOR WHO!

Whether Denton, a known supporter of DOCTOR WHO, was aware of this irony is not known, but it would seem that Cregeen decided right away that he didn't want his name on the programme, and then proceeded to find every route possible to scupper it! As one observer has suggested: *"He actually went out of his way to harm DOCTOR WHO!"*

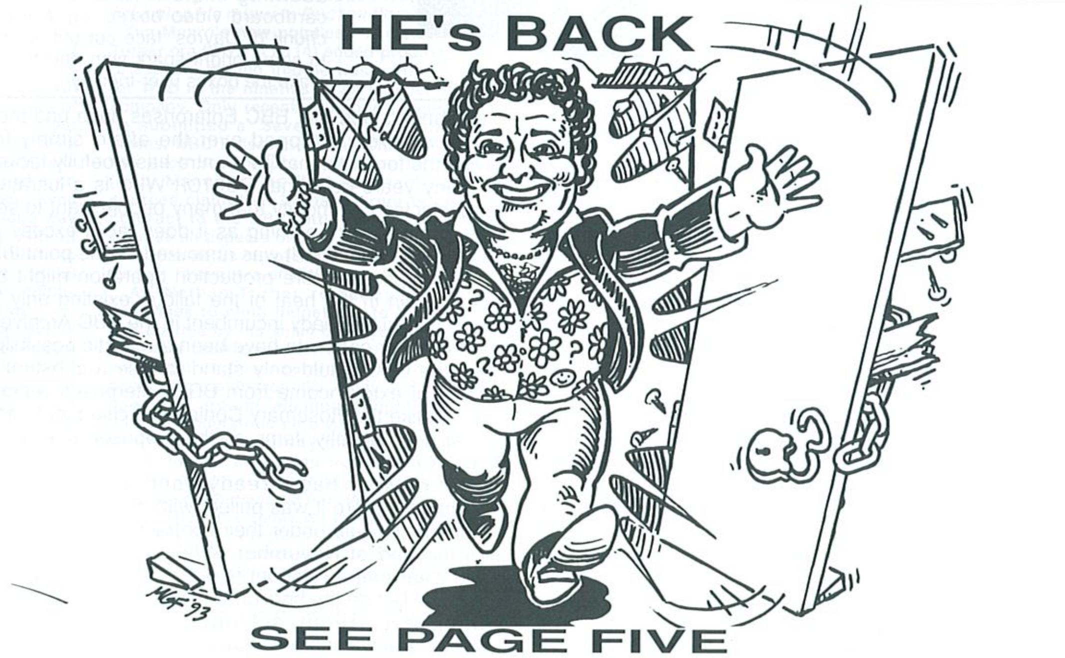
With the much-publicised 'curse' of "Birtism" casting a gloomy shadow over TV Centre and staff uncertain if the BBC still intends to make its own drama, or whether instead it's becoming one colossal news-collating organisation to rival CNN in the States, the Drama Department was shrewdly targeted. Informing staff in this department that the BBC's marketing arm was intending to produce its own drama was akin to throwing a lighted match into a parched bale of straw, as one staff member noted: *"Whatever next - will we start selling the programmes while Enterprises make them?!"*

The Drama Department certainly had a point, but reports of the budget being deliberately hiked up out of all proportion are extremely disturbing, and certainly not the sort of practice you'd expect could be allowed to go on within a public utility. The £750,000 budget firmly set for *Dark Dimension*, and provided by BBC Enterprises, was perfectly adequate for a ninety-minute production filmed mainly on location, give or take the odd effect (or indeed Doctor!). In the mid '80s a complete 26 episode season of DOCTOR WHO - approximately ten hours of television - was achievable on an allowance of £1.3 million!

Cregeen's mood during his connection with the project proved to be most revealing about his attitude to DOCTOR WHO. As several production members have confirmed, he was not behaving in a manner even generally expected of a producer: *"Instead of offering positive suggestions he would sit at meetings pondering, obviously very unhappy at being demoted"*, one source told us, continuing, *"He was never hands on - he was just totally disinterested"*. Another source revealed: *"He made no decisive actions and everyone was suspicious of his motives"*.

With an army of BBC employees now completely opposed to the *The Dark Dimension*, an official complaint was made to BBC Managing Director of Network Television Will Wyatt, **after** the staunchest supporters of the project, and the only two people at. . .

CONTINUED on PAGE FOUR



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DOUGLAS ADAMS OKAYS UNUSED 'WHO MATERIAL

TITAN BOOKS have the official go-ahead to publish *The Pirate Planet* Scriptbook this November, based on Douglas Adams' original material as opposed to the rehearsal script.

Adams surprisingly agreed to Titan's idea of publishing his original Season 16 script, which was heavily edited by Anthony Read at the time and contains masses of unused material *[see In•Vision Season 17 Special, just published, which includes an exclusive interview with Douglas Adams],* and although the BBC wouldn't normally clear such a script for publication, in the circumstances — Adams' *Hitch Hiker* spin-offs being a lucrative earner for Enterprises — they consented at the beginning of August!

Publication of the book will represent the first major coup for Titan since publication of *The Tribe of Gum*, significantly bridging the gap of unpublished DOCTOR WHO novels, and leaving only 1979's *The City of Death* unrepresented in book form, although it is available on video.

The Abominable Snowmen Scriptbook, which is still awaiting clearance, will be published next January if it gets the thumbs-up.

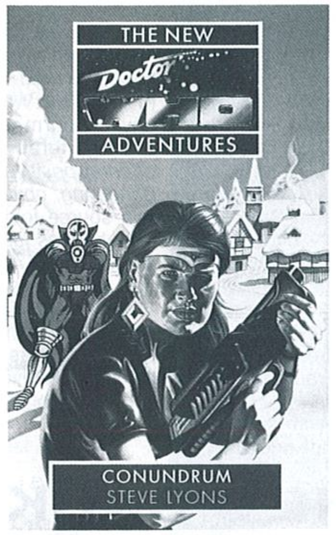
VIRGIN BOOKS have confirmed they are looking into the feasibility of publishing New adventure books with older Doctors. The idea has met with a favourable response from the British market, and the move now hinges on the reaction from the American distributors.

•**Terrance Dicks'** 1994 contribution to the series, 'Blood Harvest', is undergoing a change of title to avoid any confusion with Jim Mortimore's *Blood Heat* out in October. 'Harvest of Blood' is the current favourite.

•**John Peel's** much mooted Dalek/Davros story has finally been given the go-ahead, with official approval from Terry Nation. *War of the Daleks* will be set between *Remembrance of the Daleks* and *The Daleks' Master Plan,* and is thus likely to irritate continuity buffs unhappy with Virgin's current 'official' history of the Whoniverse.

•**Stephen James Walker** and Mark Stammers' forthcoming book of short stories - one for each Doctor forming an overarching theme - has been christened *Decalogue*.

•**Conundrum** by Steve Lyons will kick off the run of 1994 NEW ADVENTURES, resplendent with another cover by the versatile Jeff Cummins (pictured).



UK GOLD

TOM BAKER FANS have a feast ahead on satellite from September, and it is anticipated that the viewing figures will rocket as the nights get longer. Vintage TOP OF THE POPS, which precedes DOCTOR WHO, has quickly established itself as UK Gold's hottest property with an audience approaching 20% of the available share of satellite households, half of whom stay tuned for WHO!

September's schedule:
2nd - 3rd: *The Sontaran Experiment*
(5th: *The Ark in Space* omnibus)
6th - 9th: *Revenge of the Cybermen*
10th - 15th: *Terror of the Zygons*
16th - 21st: *Pyramids of Mars*
22nd - 27th: *Planet of Evil*
28th - 1st (Oct): *Brain of Morbius*

BBC VIDEO

WITH *Arc of Infinity, The Green Death* and *Planet of Evil* scheduled for release in 1994, *Dragonfire* — Sophie Aldred's debut and the first three-parter to be considered for release — is currently undergoing clearance.

The Curse of Peladon made it to number five in the official Gallup chart, and, in a performance unprecedented since *The Tomb of the Cybermen, The Silurians* was still inside the top 12 in its second week, falling from 2 to 11.

The tinned Dalek videos (or *Daleks - Limited Edition Box Set* in Enterprises -speak), are out September 6 retailing at £29.99, the 6-part *The Chase* on **one** tape (proving that Enterprises **can** do it - when it suits them!). The Dalek booklet accompanying the package, written by Andrew Pixley, is 48 pages long, illustrated with many familiar photographs. Alister Pearson was "amused" on discovering that his *Remembrance of the Daleks* artwork adorning the American-style cardboard video boxes has a great chunk of Davros' face cut out, owing to some bright spark who decided to make the boxes user-friendly!

CONTINUED FROM PAGE THREE ...the BBC who could have saved it - BBC1 Controller Alan Yentob and Tony Greenwood, Head of Video at Enterprises - had simultaneously left London on business trips. It was therefore **Cregeen's** responsibility to fight for the series he had been appointed to produce, but the Board of Management killed it with the minimum of resistance.

Yentob and Greenwood were furious and understandably upset at discovering, second hand, what had occurred as soon as their backs were turned, the latter cutting short his stay in New York by a day in an admirable effort to reverse the decision and salvage the project, but to no avail.

Insult to injury came when the BBC issued an evasive press statement - clearly designed to pass the buck to Enterprises - covering up their devious role in the affair, announcing that *The Dark Dimension* had been commissioned, and cancelled, **by BBC Enterprises** due to lack of time and money!

With a potential scandal still on his hands, Wil Wyatt has subsequently denied that *The Dark Dimension* was ever scheduled in the first place, so it will no doubt come as a surprise for him to see, listed in the just-published BBC Product Brochure for 1993-94, *The Dark Dimension*, complete with details and general information - the transmission date **had** been firmly set for the primetime slot of the evening of Sunday, 28th November between 8.00-9.40pm!!

BBC Enterprises, for all their good intent, were made the scapegoats for the petty, bureaucratic behaviour at the BBC, designed simply to bring down a television programme innocently looking forward to celebrating its landmark 30th anniversary, and which would have netted Auntie a potential multi-million pound sales and merchandise bonanza in the process, which it could ill-afford to pass by.

It is understood that BBC Enterprises have had their knuckles severely rapped over the affair, simply for having the foresight that TV Centre has woefully lacked for many years now: that DOCTOR WHO is a lucrative but neglected commodity that many people want to see back in production, earning as it does far in excess of what it costs to make. It was rumoured at one point that BBC Enterprises' entire production operation might be closed down in the heat of the fallout, existing only to exploit material already incumbent in the BBC Archives. But this never seems to have been a realistic possibility since the BBC would only stand to lose a substantial amount of extra income from BBC Enterprises without releases like the Rosemary Conley exercise tapes, and indeed such novelty items as the proposed making of BLAKE'S 7 video.

A lot of work had already gone into *The Dark Dimension* before it was pulled, with many production members still held under their contracts by Enterprises until the end of November. Whilst it has now been made clear that a remount is out of the question, new hope now lies on the horizon with whisperings that Alan Yentob is currently actively involved in getting something rather more concrete off the ground that will appease the fans of DOCTOR WHO, who have been let down once too often.We will keep you informed of any developments as and when...

Quote of the month: Peter Cregeen, speaking on BBC1's BITEBACK on May 23rd about the possibility of DOCTOR WHO returning in the near future: ***"There is a great future for DOCTOR WHO - it could go on to be a major success for a long period of time. But it has to be absolutely the right time, and the right team to make it..."***

GARY LEIGH

briefly...

DOCTOR WHO, along with other BBC programmes exported to American public service stations, could soon start with the grim message: *"Warning, this is a government censored programme"*, at least if a campaign by an Irish American lobby has its way. Congress is considering their demand that the label be slapped on every BBC programme in response to the British government's ban on interviews with members of Sinn Fein, the political wing of the IRA, and other organisations deemed to 'support terrorist violence'...

THE DAILY MAIL on August 7 published a prominent article titled *This sorry tale of Whose Who* by Marcus Berkmann, drawing on Jeremy Bentham's *Pawn in a Storm* leader in the last issue of DWB concerning the petty politics surrounding the cancellation of *The Dark Dimension.* Proof that DWB is read, and an influential force, in high places...

THE DWAS EXEC., in an unprecedented display of regret, have climbed down and issued an apology to their predecessors who they accused of mismanaging the society accounts between 1984 to 1987, with particular regard to non-registration of VAT. With the threat of a legal action from a past Co-ordinator looming, the July issue announced: "*...We sincerely apologise to Tony Jordan, Dominic May and their contemporaries for any distress or damage caused to their reputations.*"...

DREAMWATCH BULLETIN has won DWM's fanzine poll for a second year running with 47.93% of the total vote. In second place with 14.74% was The Frame, with Skaro third (11.43%), In-Vision fourth (5.79%) and the *"BBC recognised..."* DWAS magazine, Celestial Toyroom, fifth with 3.72%!

THE BBC AUDIO COLLECTION is celebrating the record-breaking performance of Eric Saward's adaption of *The Power of the Daleks*, which went straight in to the official BBC Gallup album chart at 71 — several positions higher than last year's *The Evil of the Daleks* — after recording an initial midweek position of 42...

WITH THE BBC seemingly taking great pride in their summer schedule offering viewers little else but *"another chance to see..."* (a euphemism for repeats, though the older programmes have certainly brightened up the BBC schedules), it's perhaps reassuring to note that Ariel, the BBC staff newspaper, recently revealed that out of 400,000 telephone calls and 100,000 letters received each year by the Information Offices at Broadcasting House and Television Centre, more correspondence concerns the request for more DOCTOR WHO repeats than any other subject!

ALISTER PEARSON has been predictably slaving away this anniversary year. He recently turned down BBC Video's invitation to design their *Resurrection of the Daleks* sleeve, immersed as he is with a workload that includes Virgin's own *Resurrection* book jacket (in the format of the recent *Power* and *Evil* novels); the souvenir plate for Danbury Mint, which will measure eight inches in diameter (half the size of his artwork) and feature all the Doctors, TARDIS and a Dalek (and, if successful when issued in November, will be followed-up by seven additions to the range); *The Pirate Planet* Scriptbook for Titan; further titles in Titan's range of STAR TREK Adventures; and the gatefold cover for DWM's 30th anniversary special, featuring monsters (original Cyberman, Troughton Ice Lord, Draconian, Wisher Davros, Davison Silurian, Vervoid and Haemovore), in place of the Doctors on DWM200.

In the 1960s the average length of a DOCTOR WHO season was forty-two episodes. In the late 1980s it was fourteen. In 1993 it was...

F-F-F-FOURTEEN MINUTES!!

FORMER DOCTOR WHO producer John Nathan-Turner is producing and directing a two-part fourteen minute send-up, set in several different time-zones, which unites stars from DOCTOR WHO with the cast of EASTENDERS! The first seven minute instalment will be shown as part of this year's Children in Need Appeal on BBC1 on November 26th, with the finale broadcast during NOEL'S HOUSE PARTY the following day. The exercise is to be recorded in early September, in 3D, on a budget of £45,000.

Nathan-Turner is rumoured to have become involved with the Children in Need office several months ago as the "last WHO producer" after suggesting that he would be available to produce something to mark DOCTOR WHO's 30th anniversary that could be transmitted during the charity fundraiser, just as THE FIVE DOCTORS had done a decade earlier. He has drawn on his contacts in the DOCTOR WHO world - and Gary Downie's in EASTENDERS -for the spoof, which he had hoped to produce as his vision for the series in the '90s and as an official addition to DOCTOR WHO's chronology despite its 'TARDIS materialising in Albert Square' setting, but it was decreed that fun and games should prevail.

Nathan-Turner has chosen writer David Rodan for the script (under the pen name of "David Mansell"), a university graduate who has sat the BBC's scriptwriting course and has had several ideas considered by the Corporation. Among the WHO celebrities approached so far are Colin Baker, Sylvester McCoy, Sophie Aldred and, as exclusively revealed last issue, popular '70s companion Katy Manning, all of whom will be in London in early September and available for recording on the EASTENDERS lot and studio set at BBC Elstree. When a similar sketch was recorded for last year's Children in Need featuring the cast of CASUALTY the actors deferred their fees, and the EASTENDERS cast are expected to follow suit this year, but it is reported that Nathan-Turner and his WHO celebrities — many of whom lack the security of regular employment — will be paid for their time.

News of this project leaked out soon after the cancellation of the ninetysix-minute DOCTOR WHO special, and although it has been on the cards for some time now, the official go-ahead for *The Dark Dimension* in June had cast a shadow over its future. John Nathan-Turner has openly flaunted his relief at *Dark Dimension's* demise and delighted in the fact that the publicity it had derived as the much-heralded return of DOCTOR WHO is effectively now his.

Already dissent has engulfed the production, Nathan-Turner having fired two costume designers, one after the other, due to "artistic differences" and much to the annoyance of the head of the Costume Department. Several of the EASTENDERS camp are also reportedly unhappy that they are being encouraged to send their roles up. They feel that if the spoof is to work properly, and in order for the public to take their subsequent appearances in the soap opera seriously, their parts should be written strictly in character. Some of the Doctors (reportedly Colin Baker and Peter Davison) are also understood to be growing reluctant to become involved for fear that they will also be encouraged to camp up their roles. At present only Katy Manning and Nicholas Courtney have committed themselves to appearing amongst the WHO cast.

Whilst Nathan-Turner is clearly enthusiastic about his foothold in what he regards as the BBC's official marking of DOCTOR WHO'S 30th anniversary, any aspirations about being involved with the series when it does return are expected to be shortlived. One source close to the Sixth Floor told DWB: *"This is not a serious production, and it certainly isn't being hailed as the official return of DOCTOR WHO...When the series does return one thing is abundantly clear - John Nathan-Turner hasn't a hope in hell of being allowed anywhere near it!"*

Gary Leigh

COMMENT: An arrogance that knows no bounds

DOCTOR WHO MEETS EASTENDERS? Do I detect a plot device to unite the unique 'talents' of John Nathan Turner and Gary Downie? Yes, he's back! In a display of arrogance that frankly beggars belief, one might well ask how on Earth John Nathan-Turner ever came to being employed as a producer (and director) back at the BBC, let alone on anything even remotely resembling DOCTOR WHO?

Well, to begin with it's true — if supremely ironic — that Nathan-Turner's name is indelibly, synonymously, though ultimately notoriously linked with that of DOCTOR WHO; the series' last producer (to date) whose interminable reign - from 1979 up to its lingering death in 1989 — spanned and even outlasted the careers of hundreds of his fellow BBC employees! That at least excuses why the producer of Children in Need, Nick Handel, took him on, since few people at the BBC can reasonably be expected to remember the name of even his nearest predecessor almost fifteen years ago. Even then they would still have to travel an awfully long way back to find an alternative producer, currently without work, WHO knowledge intact, and prepared to return to former territory. Graham Williams died in 1991, Philip Hinchcliffe is too busy, but Barry Letts certainly fulfills this criteria, and has directed EASTENDERS to boot!

But what has possessed Nathan-Turner to impudently assume the mantle of DOCTOR WHO producer eternal, a programme for which his track record speaks for itself? Almost 14 years after being appointed producer, it remains the only credit on his CV, and that is significant only for the shame and ridicule he has heaped upon the series, in marked contrast to the untainted legacies of his predecessors who came, made their mark, and swiftly moved on to pastures new.

Nathan-Turner clearly regards DOCTOR WHO as a job for life, even if it is one he himself must surely concede he is ill-suited to, unless he conveniently overlooks the many occasions in which he brought the show's name into disrepute; publicly derided by - and clearly an embarrassment to - his Sixth Floor bosses, lead actor fired from beneath him and so on, finally being humiliatingly left on the shelf when the BBC pulled the plug on DOCTOR WHO. Even then, without a job but still scenting the big bucks to be made exploiting the series for all its commercial worth, he was subsequently employed but rather more quickly disgraced from BBC Enterprises, who too all but washed their hands of him!

It is sadly ironic that a man who himself operated an odious 'blacklist' of people who'd "crossed him" during his "reign of terror" on DOCTOR WHO has clearly benefitted from the BBC's refusal to adopt such an objectionable policy, and has therefore managed to slip back in with apparent ease through the back door via the Children in Need department! One can almost marvel in utmost disbelief at Nathan-Turner's audacity returning — like a villain to the scene of his crime – to a series he all but left in tatters.

So what exactly has he been up to during his own shortlived hiatus? Has he been applying for production posts elsewhere? Has he been seeking to revive his career in pantomime? Or indeed has he taken the wise and sensible precaution of considering a career totally detached from the glamorous world of showbiz? Perhaps, but he evidently possesses little confidence in his ability to do so, *because he's also been busy scheming his return to DOCTOR WHO!!*

Tim Munro's now pointless 'overview' of the Nathan-Turner era (DWB111-114) ended prophetically on a note of caution, hinting that he was trying to sell his vision for WHO in the nineties to an independent production company. Only recently rumour suggests that in April he submitted a 'Seven Doctors' storyline to, of all places, BBC Enterprises! The Children in Need project has itself been in pre-production for some time now (Katy Manning was first approached in May), and sources claim that Nathan-Turner is on a short-term contract to the BBC until November, presumably to oversee all aspects of post production as well. If this is true, that works out at six months employment - not bad for just 14 minutes of airtime!

As Nathan-Turner relentlessly and laughably continues to cling limpet-like to DOCTOR WHO, aided and abetted by his small but loyal band of sycophantic followers (and you know who they are - they shun all criticism of this seemingly wondrous being and possess the politician-like ability at conventions to turn questions around, eliciting sympathetic applause for their misunderstood hero who has really done more for DOCTOR WHO than anyone since Sydney Newman [not!]), there is an extreme irony implicit in all of this:

***John Nathan-Turner is clearly unmoved at the devastating damage he has already inflicted on DOCTOR WHO.* The facts speak for themselves: he could barely conceal his delight at the downfall of *The Dark Dimension;* he regards DOCTOR WHO fans generally with the utmost loathing and contempt...and if he had even the slightest respect for the series then he would have continued to leave well alone, as indeed he'd prematurely been credited for. Yes, even Nathan-Turner realised that he'd reached the end of the road with DOCTOR WHO after the Enterprises debacle at the end of last year and wisely cut himself off completely, refusing to have anything more to do with it, or so it seemed...**

Evidently now refreshed from his self-imposed sabbatical, his desperation to return to work on DOCTOR WHO is apparent because it is obvious that his career isn't going anywhere else! If he really were the all-gifted, all-knowing, all-powerful man he originally set out to be, and were he genuinely suited and cut-out to be a BBC producer, then quite simply he would not have been available to do Children in Need!

But has he at least learned from his past mistakes and decided to apply himself as a producer universally deserving of respect at last? Apparently not if reports from the Costume Department are anything to go by ; now back in a position of power it is evident that he hasn't changed at all! He has returned to haunt DOCTOR WHO — a concept he inherited and still resists relinquishing — because he clearly lacks the talent to produce stunningly creative ideas of his own. During his time on DOCTOR WHO, as producer he was expected to regularly submit, to his head of department, concepts for new programme formats, the theory being that the best idea could be developed into a series onto which he would then move, vacating his current seat for a newcomer. Unfortunately for just about everyone, all met with the derision and scorn they invited.

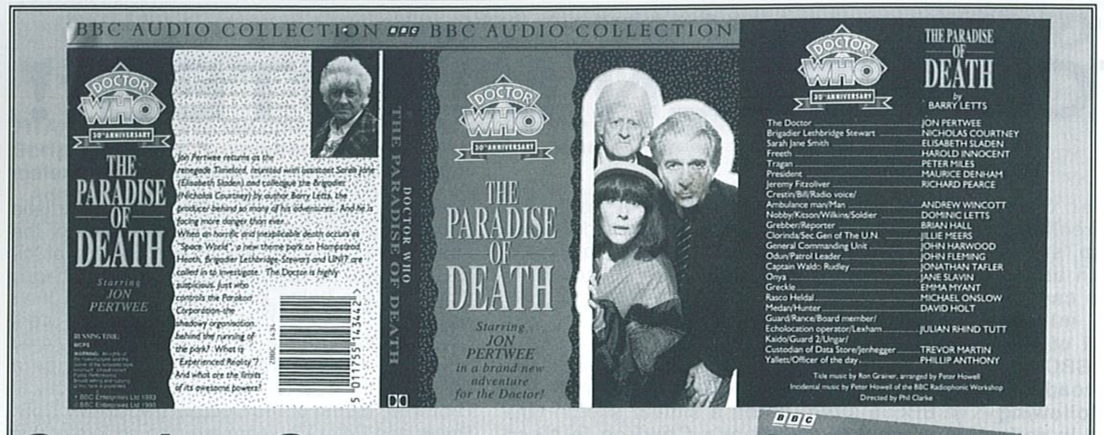
Nathan-Turner won't benefit much financially from Children in Need, but importantly for him it is a way back into television production. In fact it is irrelevant that it is DOCTOR WHO at all. For Nathan-Turner the most important thing is that his name appears on the end credits and that his 'brilliant' work be recognised and perhaps, just perhaps, taken seriously at last, a prospect that, let's face it, seems remote at best!

Up to now this incessant no-win cat and dog situation, where he has egoistically and cynically continued to hog DOCTOR WHO in a selfish attempt to try and further his own career, has deprived it of the new beginning it so desperately needed. Thankfully it has now materialised that the new regime at the BBC, and of course BBC Enterprises, are only too aware of Mr. Nathan-Turner and his ways, and whilst he is being allowed to play harmlessly with Children in Need, any attempt he makes to become involved with serious DOCTOR WHO when it returns, as it most certainly will (probably very soon),will be blocked.

As if to let everyone know that he's back 'good and proper', Nathan-Turner is also making a 'comeback' on the convention circuit, both here and in America — where the fees he once commanded for himself, in return for guaranteeing the appearances of certain guests and smuggling over copyright BBC material, often dwarfed his more modest BBC salary — having contradictingly stated a year ago that his convention days were over. But I suppose that's only to be expected from a man who will predictably proceed to manipulate his audiences yet again, pouring venom on his critics as he did at last year's Panopticon, goaded on as ever by his sidekickGary Downie (who last year desperately attempted to win favour by offering fans *walk-on parts in EASTENDERS* - now *there's* a coincidence!!), where he rubbished DWB for claiming he'd been "sacked" from BBC Audio. No prizes for guessing who was out of a job full stop just weeks later!

Nathan-Turner will undoubtedly expect to be welcomed back by the fans with open arms, who surely this time will all finally have run out of patience and will treat him with the contempt and ridicule he has heaped entirely upon himself...

Gary Leigh



Coming Soon...

Just out...

16th **UFO**: *Mindbender, The Long Sleep & Timelash* (video)
19th **DOCTOR WHO:** *The Evil of the Daleks* (John Peel)
19th **THE NEW ADVENTURES**: *Birthright* (Nigel Robinson)
19th **STAR TREK**: *From the Depths* (Victor Milan)
26th STAR TREK: *Who Killed Captain Kirk* (Peter David — graphic novel)
27th **DOCTOR WHO:** *Paradise of Death* episode one (6.30pm Radio Five)
30th **BBC2's Sixties' Day** including ADAM ADAMANT LIVES & DEPARTMENT S

September

2nd **Costume Auction at Bonhams.** (Call Caroline Gillis on 071-351-7111)
6th **DOCTOR WHO:** *Paradise of Death* (Radio Collection)
6th **DOCTOR WHO:** *The Chase/Remembrance of the Daleks* (boxed video set
6th **SURVIVORS:** *Gone to the Angels/Garland's War* (video)
6th **SURVIVORS:** *Starvation/Something of Value* (video)
6th **DEEP SPACE NINE:** *Babel, Captive Pursuit* (video)
6th **DEEP SPACE NINE:** *Q-Less, Dax* (video)
6th **NEXT GENERATION**: *Aquiel, Face of the Enemy* (video)
??? **THE CHAMPIONS** 9 & 10 (video)
??? **JASON KING** 3 &4 (video)
??? **MAN IN A SUITCASE** 3 & 4 (video)
16th **THE NEW ADVENTURES**: *Iceberg* (David Banks)
16th DOCTOR WHO reprint: *The Invasion* (Ian Marter)
16th DOCTOR WHO reprint: *Silver Nemesis* (Kevin Clarke)
16th DOCTOR WHO: *The Sixties* (Howe/Stammers/Walker - Paperback)
23rd **NEXT GENERATION**: *Guises of the Mind* (Rebecca Neason)
30th STAR TREK reprint: *Ghost Walker* (Barbara Hambly)
30th STAR TREK reprint: *Doctor's Orders* (Diane Duane)
30th STAR TREK reprint: *Web of the Romulans* (MS Murdock)

October

4th **DOCTOR WHO:** *Fury from the Deep* (Audio Collection)
4th **DOCTOR WHO:** *The Trial of a Time Lord* (Boxed video set)
4th **DEEP SPACE NINE:** *The Passenger, Move Along Home* (video)
4th **DEEP SPACE NINE:** *The Nagus, Vortex* (video)
18th **Next Generation:** *Tapestry, Birthright I* (video)
18th **Next Generation:** *Birthright II, Starship Mine* (video)
20th **STAR TREK:** *The Great Starship Race* (Diane Carey)
21st **THE NEW ADVENTURES**: *Bloodheat* (Jim Mortimore)
21st DOCTOR WHO reprint: *The Leisure Hive* (David Fisher)
30th STAR TREK reprint: *The Romulan Way* (Duane/Morwood)

THE CHASE
DOCTOR WHO
THE DALEKS
REMEMBRANCE OF THE DALEKS
DOCTOR WHO 30th ANNIVERSARY 1963-93
THE COMPLETE BBC VIDEO AND BBC RADIO COLLECTION CATALOGUE
Starring SYLVESTER Mc

ROVER Mk.ONE 'FOUND'!

FOLLOWING YEARS of speculation based on the vague descriptions of the production team, a reel of amateur film footage showing THE PRISONER'S original Rover has been found.

It's well known that the familiar balloon was a last minute replacement for the original Rover, a robotic machine able to travel on land, on water and up walls, etc. From all accounts the original Rover was built from a series of white spheres with a blue flashing light on top over a go-kart chassis.

This contraption worked magnificently when road-tested on the tarmac backlot at MGM Borehamwood Studios, but when it was taken on location at Portmeirion for the first week's filming things started to go wrong. The driver couldn't see well enough to avoid collisions with village ornaments, the go-kart engine produced a deafening noise in the enclosed streets which interfered with filming for miles around, and the machine was incapable of running on sand without getting stuck.

According to rumour, Rover Mk.One was last seen being washed out to seas by the tide!

Other than these tales no trace remained of the original Rover, attempts to find plans or photos having proved fruitless.

But Six of One member Steven Ricks has now located several reels of 8mm amateur footage shot during the filming of the series, which includes a minute and a half sequence showing Rover Mk.One.

This footage is to be premiered by Six of One at this year's Portmeirion convention, and will appear in the new video *The Prisoner in Production*, which will also feature a few more, as yet undisclosed, surprises.

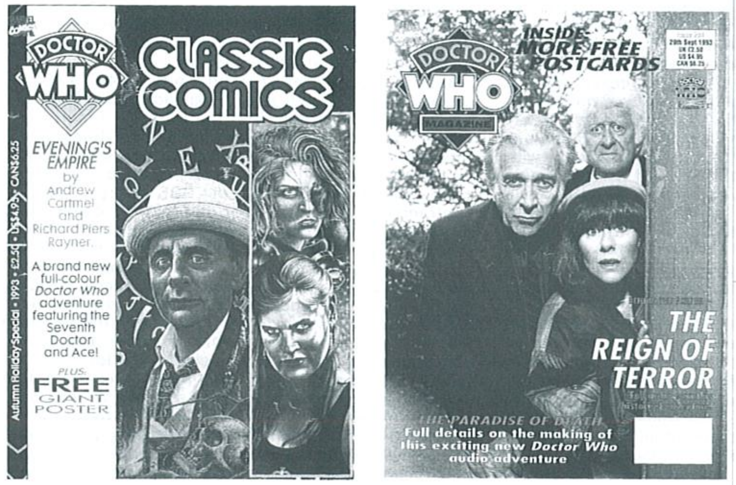
Anthony McKay

WHO DIRECTOR DIES

RON JONES, director of four Davison stories and Colin Baker's Sil saga, died recently after a brief illness.

EPISODES FOUND?

A Scandinavian TV station is rumoured to have returned tapes to the BBC, among them some identified DOCTOR WHO. Confirmation next issue...


DOCTOR WHO
CLASSIC COMICS
EVENING'S EMPIRE
by Andrew Cartmel and Richard Piers Rayner
A brand new full-colour Doctor Who adventure featuring the Seventh Doctor and Ace!
PLUS FREE GIANT POSTER
Autumn Holiday Special • 1993
DOCTOR WHO MAGAZINE
INSIDE MORE FREE POSTCARDS
THE REIGN OF TERROR
THE PARADISE OF DEATH
Full details on the making of this exciting new Doctor Who audio adventure

Above: Covers for DWCC Summer special, which includes the lost comic strip Evening's empire by Andrew Cartmel, and DWM204 - not to be confused with the current TV Zone!

THE AVENGERS ON VIDEO

AFTER YEARS of false starts it has been confirmed that Movie Acquisition Corporation Limited have negotiated the release of The Avengers on commercial video this autumn. The first release is reputed to be a rent-only tape containing *Never, Never Say Die* and *Murdersville*. This is to be followed by a series of sell-through tapes containing both a black and white and a colour Diana Rigg episode. Efforts are being made to ensure that 100% complete prints are being used for the project rather than the severely edited versions shown by Channel 4 in the 1980's.

Anthony McKay

CAST CHANGES FOR BABYLON 5

Dr. KYLE and Lt Cmdr Takeshima are to be recast for the BABYLON 5series, with other characters written out. The BABYLON 5 pilot is now available on rental video in Britain.

briefly...

BBC2's Sixties day on the August Bank holiday will feature episodes of ADAM ADAMANT LIVES! (most likely one directed by Ridley Scott) and DEPARTMENT S...

BBC2 will be screening STAR TREK - THE NEXT GENERATION seasons four to six from April '94...

Titan Books will publish *The Nit* *Pickers Guide for NEXT GENERATION Trekkers* in November. The book will, they claim, include plot synopses for every episode to the end of season seven, and every bit of trivia, including mistakes and inconsistencies, imaginable. Titan's Bantam reprints will be published monthly from 1994...

A single by Leonard Nimoy (presumably taken from *Mr Spock's Music from Outer Space)* was released on August 16th...

ALAN YENTOB is currently understood to be considering adaptations of Clive Barker's Weaverworld and Asimov's *Foundation* trilogy as part of BBC1's reviving schedule of telefantasy...

NEW TREK: RUMOURS FLY

Speculation about the fourth version of STAR TREK has now reached the tabloids, with both *The Standard* and *The Star* running reports in recent weeks.

Officially, TREK staffer Lolita Fatjo denied at a recent convention that there was anything in the works, but, as has been pointed out, her contract includes a non-disclosure clause. The new series could now be two years away, with the chances of some sort of eighth season for THE NEXT GENERATION likely to increase if the early ratings for the seventh season continue the trend of being better than ever. The cast have apparently signed options for an eighth season along with the movie. However, this might well take the form of a series of TV Movies to follow the first cinema release.

Early episodes of the seventh season to follow *Descent II* will be *Liasons,* in which Picard, Troi and Worf, are assigned to escort three ambassadors visiting the ship. Picard and his ambassador crash in a shuttle, Troi's proves to have a huge appetite — for things other than food — and Worf is forced to wear his hated dress uniform...; *Interface,* in which Geordi is connected via a virtual reality interface into a new form of probe, and Ben Vereen plays his father; and *Gambit,* a two parter in which Picard and Riker end up aboard a mercenary ship, in which Robin Curtis (*Star Trek III & IV's* Lt. Saavik) is slated to play the villain.

DS9 is to open the season with a three parter comprising *The Homecoming, Circle* and *The Siege,* which will continue the Bajoran religious disputes begun in the first season finale *The Hands of the Prophets*. Louise Fletcher and Philip Anglim will resume their roles as the two candidates for the position of Kai, with former Dracula Frank Langella joining the cast for this three parter, which will also concern Major Kira's apparent reassignment to Bajor itself.

Both TNG and DS9 are scheduled to return as of the 19th September.

•UK TABLOIDS have suggested that the prime candidates for the starring role in the latest STAR TREK series are Amanda Donohoe, Kirstie Alley, Susan Dey, Cherie Lunghi and Rachel Ward, the producers being particularly keen to cast a British woman as the Captain of the starship Excalibur, in an attempt to emulate Patrick Stewart's success. However it is unlikely that any casting has been proposed at this early stage, and question marks hang over the heads of all the candidates suggested. Amanda Donohoe would bring with her an image out of keeping with that cultivated by STAR TREK, and having got itchy feet after two years on LA LAW would be unlikely to sign the long contract STAR TREK would prefer; Kirstie Alley would obviously raise questions as to whether she would play Saavik or another character, and would be likely to irritate fans in either case; Susan Dey has just departed LOVE AND WAR after disputes with its producers which might ring alarm bells; Cherie Lunghi might be a more likely candidate, particularly if her *Excalibur* co-star Patrick Stewart were to recommend her, but Rachel Ward has reportedly given up acting to raise her family! The chances of any of these candidates winning the role must, at the moment, be remote.

•WALTER KOENIG suffered a heart attack during a weekend convention, and had open heart surgery on the 30th July as a result. His condition is now fair.

Though usually thought of as the 'baby' of the original crew, Koenig is, at 56, two years older than George Takei, who recently broke his foot while jogging. As for the rest of the crew, Deforest Kelley and James Doohan are now 73, Shatner and Nimoy are both 62, and Nichelle Nichols' age is a state secret.

HAMMER & QUATERMASS RETURN

Hammer Films is to return from the grave once again, thanks to a multi-million pound deal with Warner Brothers — and its first production is to be a remake of *The Quatermass Experiment.*

The remake is to be shot early next year in London and Los Angeles, from a script by *Alien* author Dan O'Bannon, and will be updated to the present day. Remakes of other hammer classics including *The Devil Rides Out* will follow, with the later *Quatermass* serials likely to be amongst them if the box office holds up...

A series of 44 television programmes entitled *Haunted House of Hammer* is also to be produced by the company, with 22 episodes each being shot in the UK and Los Angeles.

In a parallel move, an American company has acquired the film rights to THE MAN FROM UNCLE, and is to produce a recast big screen version next year.

Don't Knock Beeb Video!

Robert Bonham
Dublin

WHAT IS THE PROBLEM with everyone? For the past four or five years of reading anything WHO related, most letters are full of moaning and whinging. I've read fans' letters full of complaints about Superchannel, or UK Gold, filling the TV screens with logos; BBC Enterprises releasing awful stories on video, NEW ADVENTURES containing too much 'Sex, violence and other things un-WHOish' and so on.

It strikes me that it would be very hard indeed to please a lot of these people. Maybe Virgin Books should commission someone to re-write seasons seven to seventeen, changing all the characters' names, and let these people lap them up. I think not. I think all these fans could do with a healthy interest in a lot of other things, than just DOCTOR WHO.

Don't get me wrong. I'm not knocking a deep interest in a popular TV SF series. I Myself have always tried to get what I could on video, read all the books, loved the programme. I've also hated stuff, like *Delta,* and *Happiness Patrol,* but I've never been walking down the street thinking "Oh, that JNT, how I hate the man", or "Saward, what a rotter!" Why can't people just enjoy the good stories, ignore the crap. Maybe it's the hippy in me, but I just wish everyone would watch or read what they like, and ignore the rest. If you didn't like *Trial of a Time Lord,* don't buy it!! Keep the money, or go out and buy a decent jacket or something.

Greg Donaghue
Templestowe, Australia

You've got to laugh, haven't you? Once again DWB has been flooded with letters protesting against the latest video releases from BBC Enterprises, most with no more logic to back up their case than "these are what DWM readers voted for, but I didn't." Now, correct if I'm wrong, but the role of Beeb Enterprises is to release merchandise that will sell well, and surely they should be congratulated for consulting a fan source to help them with their decision. The fact that the magazine with the larger readership (DWM) was consulted rather than DWB is only sensible from their point of view, and their logic cannot be countered by petty complaining over their choice of titles. The 80s are hugely neglected by video releases, and BBC Enterprises are appropriately attempting to re-address the balance in the anniversary year. More Pertwee and Tom Baker releases at this stage would be silly, as DOCTOR WHO is a show of many eras, all of which should be given a fair go in the video market. As for the special packages/projects that some of the videos are being released in; why all the criticism? When Pertwee's recoloured adventures were released, fandom was full of praise at the job well done. Now, when they attempt to do something special for followers of the show in its 30th anniversary, they receive complaint after complaint. If fans are serious about supporting the return of DOCTOR WHO (initiated by Enterprises) then they should stop complaining and do something constructive. If you don't want to buy *Trial* then don't, but stop the pointless whining and let BBC Enterprises get on with their job.

Ed: Fair point about DWM, but it would be silly to neglect Tom Baker now - Sylvester aside, the eighties are no longer under-released. Sorry to get statistical, but by the end of the year they'll have released 35% of surviving Hartnells; all surviving Troughtons (not difficult); 45% of Pertwees; 40% of Tom Bakers; 40% of Davisons; 50% or 65% of the Colin Bakers (depending on how you count Trial); and a third of the Sylvesters. Personally, I'd suggest that next year they release a few extra Sylvesters and Hartnells, leave Colin alone and, given that there are so many Toms left, that they give him a little extra attention, or there'll be nothing but Williams' left to release in a year or two's time!

Alison Pluckrose
Coventry

I am increasingly becoming annoyed at people in recent letters pages constantly criticising BBC Video for their choices for DOCTOR WHO releases. Honestly some people are **never** satisfied! BBC Video are a business like any other and they are perfectly justified in releasing any title they like.

I feel we owe Enterprises so much, they have put in a marvellous effort in keeping DOCTOR WHO in the public domain, and we should be grateful, especially now with the excellent news of a new special of DOCTOR WHO. *[SIC]*

I'll say this bluntly to you fellows - simply "Shut up!"

Ed: But aren't the complaints meant to tell Enterprises that the correspondents aren't going to buy what they've chosen to release, but would have bought something else?

Luke Curtis
Braintree

When are BBC Video going to get their act together as regards DOCTOR WHO? In the years that they have been releasing WHO tapes they have hardly stuck with one design for more than a few tapes. On the spine tapes like *Shada* and *Silver Nemesis* stand out like sore thumbs. They have no unified colour or size of typeface. When they decided to stay with the diamond logo we have it in different sizes and heights. The one redeeming feature so far has been the quality of the covers, but even these have gone downhill with terrible covers such as *Terminus, Silver Nemesis* and *The Keeper of Traken,* a story of quality with many good elements that could have been used but it was given a gruesome cover. Get your act together BBC Video, you've proved you can do it with BLAKE'S 7.

CANCELLATION REACTION

Andrew Willis
Plymouth

I have to admit that when I heard that there was going to be a 30th anniversary special I, much to my surprise, got quite excited. It would seen that underneath this cynical 26 year old exterior beats the heart of a 15 year old fanboy. Consequently, when I heard that the special had been cancelled, I felt a quite crushing sense of disappointment. Oh well. I'll leave it to others to work out what went wrong and apportion blame. For myself I'll just put it down to experience. To paraphrase Arthur Dent, its not the despair, I can stand that. Its the hope...

David Green
Melton Mowbray

Well, it has to be said that the BBC have surpassed themselves this time. Only they could build up and promote a DOCTOR WHO 30th anniversary special and then cancel the thing as it was virtually in production. Perhaps I am being a bit cynical, but the cancellation at such a late stage for such suspect reasons ('financial and logistical' indeed - if they knew they didn't have the money then why proceed so far with the project?) suggests to me that the series has determined enemies unaccounted for in the the upper echelons of the BBC.

Even more worrying though was the news I saw on ITV Teletext in the last few days that the BBC "definitely has no plans for a new series" of DOCTOR WHO.

These two pieces of news when combined give me the unsettling impression that this may be what the Doctor himself called 'the final end.' I suggest all your readers put pen to paper and tell the BBC what they really think - —hmm, it might be an idea not to take that literally.

RED DWARF LIVES!

Sarah Butcher
Hereford

I have recently returned from *Dimension Jump 93,* the second annual RED DWARF convention. I am telling you this for the benefit of Daniel O'Mahony, who seemed to think that because no-one had told him about the convention it didn't happen. Although I am an obsessed RED DWARF fan, I can still listen to criticism where appropriate, and some of Mr O'Mahony's points were valid. However, I do feel he should have gathered all necessary information before making presumptions that weren't at all fair.

Stephen Day
Treasurer, Dimension Jump 93

Having been treasurer to the second **official** RED DWARF, I feel that DWB was pretty irresponsible in printing Daniel O'Mahony's article in DWB115 without undertaking the research to make a balanced and correct study of the subject. Furthermore, it seems that the coverage, which includes many sly digs to the series, is over critical, and very poor.

OK, the *Smegazine* may 'not really count' but at least the editor does not use the exercise as a mouthpiece for his own personal opinions, like more 'noteworthy' magazines do.

Printing comments like *"I've never seen a pure RED DWARF convention"* reall did hurt we the organisers, who many miles apart strive to give a decent 'service' whilst having to back down to the pressure of personal problems such as examinations, work and health matters, like all con organisers.

Maybe if you are going to include RED DWARF in future issues, you get a writer who knows the subject well - Jane Killick, or Maxine Lehmann, who writes for the smegazine every month.

To finish, I hope that I have proved to Daniel O'Mahony that RED DWARF is alive, does exist, and is not just at the mercy of the BBC accountants (unlike another TV show we all know and love.)

Ed:Strictly speaking of course, Daniel O'Mahony's comment was correct, and perhaps indicates that many other RED DWARF fans didn't get to hear of Dimension Jump 93. I let the comment pass because Trek Dwarf was the closest to a pure Red Dwarf con I could think of, though I had in fact heard of Dimension Jump 92 which slipped my mind, and I must apologise for this.

"Over-critical"; "Balanced and correct" ? Daniel O'Mahony expressed an opinion (that RED DWARF isn't what it was), sought to justify that opinion, and attempted to explain why this might be. I find the idea that there are 'correct' opinions rather disturbing, while the article will be 'balanced' by other features on RED DWARF in past and future issues.

My own opinions enter into it only in so far as that if someone sends in an article I agree with (in principle if not in detail), which says something I haven't seen said elsewhere, I start to wonder how many other people might also agree. I also feel that DWB's role in fandom is to put forward points of view **not** *seen elsewhere — to point out perhaps that the 'Emperor has no clothes.' And more significant than my own opinion was the comment of a friend, on first seeing seasons one and two - "I thought they weren't supposed to be any good - they're so much better..." That suggested that a lot of people might actually feel the same way, and that a lot of people were only hearing the views of those who preferred the later seasons. Oddly enough, it was the same friend who, on discovering that several of our local group thought the Pertwee era wasn't that great, exclaimed "Thank god - I'm not the only one!" He's got a lot to answer for...*

As to the writers you suggest: there would be two problems with using them. Firstly, I would imagine that any regular Smegazine contributor would be under a 'gentleman's agreement' to give them first refusal on Red Dwarf features. Secondly, any writer who works regularly on the Smegazine already has a platform from which to 'speak' - and as I indicated above, I feel that DWB's role is to put forward points of view not available elsewhere. Not that I'd turn them down of course, but...

SEXIST STAR TREK?

Tim Baron
Lincoln

I'd like to comment on Richard Fitzgerald's STAR TREK article *Print The Legend*. A lot of valid points were raised, and I found particularly interesting the comparisons with I-SPY, MISSION IMPOSSIBLE and THE TWILIGHT ZONE. I, also, find the blatant sexism of the show highly embarrassing. However (there's always a 'However'), there are a few points with which I take issue (surprise!). First of all, Horatio Hornblower. It's no secret that these novels inspired much of the Original STAR TREK - the STAR TREK Writers' Guide of 1967 describes Kirk as "A space-age Captain Horatio Hornblower" - and I have yet to read an article on STAR TREK's origins that doesn't alude to this. As to the absence of "meaningful commentaries on the human condition", what about *The Devil In The Dark*, *Metamorphosis*, *The Cloud-Minders* and *Let This Be Your Last Battlefield* hmm? Even in *The Galileo Seven* Spock gets in some telling comments about Humans' propensity for killing. (It's worth noting that Spock gets most of the good lines. In *The Apple* it is Spock who points out that the people of Vaal are a viable civilisation and that Kirk should not interfere with them — the attitude that ST:TNG would undoubtedly take.). Finally, the "hope for us after all" refers not to the projected troubles of the late 20th century and beyond, but that, despite these troubles, Humankind grows and transcends its failings and that we will, eventually, live in peace an shared prosperity and health. That is the hope that people see in STAR TREK. It may not have been the initial intention of the production team but that is what they achieved. It should also be mentioned that Fandom's view of the series has been shaped by the numerous TREK novels that have been written. These often focus on characters and problems in a way never seen in the series (Kirk's character, for example, is far more sympathetic in print than on screen) and have helped in no small way to keep TREK alive between 'Generations'. The Legend has grown from more than one source then, and no one denies that it is greater than the sum of it's parts. If fans see something in the legend that encourages them and gives them pleasure, what's wrong with that? Isn't that the idea of the whole thing anyway? And really finally (honest) I liked John S. Hall's article very much and fully agree with him.

MISSING EPISODES

Peter Brierley
Melbourne, Australia

I have it on good authority that many of the missing Hartnell and Troughton episodes are held at TV New Zealand on VZ2000 format video tapes. Apparently TV New Zealand have forgotten about making copies of DOCTOR WHO to this format and would not have checked these when BBC Enterprises requested back any old BBC Material. Further, I believe that an employee of TV New Zealand, having access to these tapes and being a fan of the series, has made copies of some of these black and white stories. Although I know the name and address of the employee, my source of information wishes it to remain a secret for now.

As I have gone as far as I can wit my investigations I am now passing it over to you. My hope is that this may lead to further episodes being recovered.

WHICH SERIES?

Michael Healy
Birkenhead

Does anybody out there remember an ITV series from the mid-seventies base don different stories each week? I can't remember if it was a purely fantasy show, but one episode concerned a film crew making a monster movie. The actor playing the monster let the part go to his head and throttled the leading lady. Another episode I remember concerns a husband and wife in an isolated house surrounded by killer rats. This episode was studio bound and great use was made of sound effects and the actors' reactions. Also, is THE NIGHTMARE MAN coming out on video?

Ed: BEASTS was written by Nigel Kneale, and consisted of six borderline fantasy single plays (two of which will have been screened by the NFT just before this issue is published — sorry). These two episodes were The Dummy and During Barty's Party. We'll certainly consider covering both it, and The Nightmare Man (not scheduled so far as we know) next year...

INTERVIEW CORRECTION

Barry Letts,
London

The dreaded Chinese Whisper strikes again! Thanks to a chain of communication involving a tape recording and two telephone calls, the interview with me published in DWBs 115-6 (which over all is a very well edited version of a long, rambling — and most enjoyable — conversation) quotes me as saying that "the fact that the Spiders story is a Buddhist parody is no accident". What I actually said was that *Planet of the Spiders* is a Buddhist **parable.**

Without going into too much detail (or taking it too seriously): the spiders represent those aspects of our egos which are apt to take us over; and the Great Spider the core Ego which wants to be all powerful, trying to force the world to serve its cravings, its aversions. The blue crystal, which amplifies the power of the mind, represents the power of meditation. When the Doctor goes into the centre of the Blue Mountain to confront the Great Spider, knowing that it will mean his death and regeneration, he is going into his own centre to confront the Great Ego, knowing that it will mean the death of personality — but ultimately, liberation.

Do you remember Cho-Je's line, pretty early on? "The old man must die — and the new man will discover, to his inexpressible joy, that he has never existed." This could be said to be the essence of Buddhist teaching. I wonder if Tom has ever made this discovery. I shouldn't be surprised.

QUATERMASS ADDITIONS

Stephen James Walker
Kent

The most enjoyable part of your tenth anniversary issue for me was Anthony's excellent article on the QUATERMASS serials, which was very informative and thought-provoking. I have a few additional observations to offer, which I hope will be of interest.

First, I have always been somewhat puzzled as to why parts three to six of *The Quatermass Experiment* were not telerecorded. As Anthony mentions, the usual explanation is that industrial action intervened, but as far as I am aware there is no evidence to support this. Telerecording was not a new process at that time but had in fact been in use for some five or six years. (One of the earliest surviving telerecordings, a clip from a 1947 variety show, was recently screened by BBC2 in their *Black and White in Colour* season.) Nigel Kneale's explanation is that the quality of the telerecording on parts one and two was thought to be to poor to justify the remaining episodes being preserved, but this doesn't ring entirely true either. Incidentally, the latest issue of *Time Screen* suggests that parts three to five were telerecorded, by BBC Presentation, to be used in the preparation of recap clips, but Anthony seems to contradict this in his piece. Perhaps this is one mystery which will never be solved!

In his comments on the QUATERMASS film adaptations, Anthony inadvertently perpetuates the myth that the cinema version of Terry Nation's *The Daleks* was made by Amicus, whereas it was actually made by Aaru. Less trivially, I was rather sorry to see Brian Donlevy coming in for such heavy criticism. I don't think his portrayal of Quatermass was that bad, although admittedly it was very different from how Nigel Kneale had conceived of the character. Perhaps the fault lay more with those who cast (or miscast) him in the role. Anyone who's familiar with Donlevy's other work will know that he was actually a very fine actor — witness, for example, his brilliant performance in *The Big Combo*, which is due to be shown shortly as one of BBC2's *Moviedrome* films.

Any readers tempted to buy the BBC video release of *Quatermass and the Pit* should perhaps be forewarned that the episodes have been edited together, so that the original cliffhangers and recaps are missing, and also that a few minutes of the programme itself have been cut (including, as I recall, the only appearance of DOCTOR WHO stalwart John Scott Martin). It really is infuriating that so many BBC video releases are marred in this way — the recent, appallingly hacked-about POLDARK tapes being a case in point. Incidentally, the episode of *Quatermass II* which as repeated not long ago on BBC2 was also edited, losing about three minutes of material in total. I gather that this was done at Nigel Kneale's insistence, as he felt that the drama needed 'tightening up' for a modern day audience — which of course completely misses the point of such archive programming, ie. that it gives viewers a chance to see what TV was like back in the '50s (or whenever).

I think Anthony is wrong to suggest, at the end of his article that some of the season seven DOCTOR WHO stories might originally have been intended to form part of Derrick Sherwin's proposed QUATERMASS revival. Sherwin has always maintained his QUATERMASS project was never thought of as a replacement for DOCTOR WHO but was something entirely separate — and this supported by other evidence. In any case, Sherwin's idea was not to make new QUATERMASS serials but to remake the originals from the '50s.

Lastly, and on a completely different subject, I can't resist the temptation to respond to the critical comments Gary makes about me at one point in his history of DWB. Contrary to what Gary suggests, I did not express any adverse opinions on DWB in final release of the *Space and Time* project. I merely reported in a totally factual manner Tim Robins' stated reasons for ending the project — the views expressed about DWB were Tim's, not mine. Also, I did not make any general criticism of DWB in final issue of *The Frame*, but merely stated that its DOCTOR WHO coverage seemed **to me** to consist of little more than vitriolic attacks on John Nathan Turner. This was a view which many people shared, and which has indeed been echoed by a number of correspondents in the DWB letters column in recent months. I am delighted to see that the anti-John Nathan Turner campaign has since been discontinued, and that you have turned your attention to other aspects of the series — the excellent Barry Letts interview being a case in point. DWB is very much better for this change.

Ed: Telerecording: While this had been in existence for some time before Quatermass Experiment, it had not previously been used to record a drama production, the suppressed field system which gave the first decent results having only just been introduced (for the Coronation). Certainly, there had been no telerecorded repeats of drama before 1953, only reperformances, and it seems very reasonable to suppose that the telerecording technicians might have blacked the equipment in support of other technicians whose interests might be threatened by a move to recorded repeats away from reperformances. Time Screen still state that the episodes were recorded 'by presentation only due to industrial action'. As I indicated, the surviving episode two does not include any recap clips, when they were definitely available, so it's seems reasonable to suppose that the later episodes didn't either, so if any clips were taken they were presumably used in trailers — does anyone know whether the BBC did them back in '53?

On the seventies remakes: I didn't mean to imply that Silurians & Ambassadors were left-over Quatermass scripts — merely that had he commissioned new Quatermass serials, Sherwin might well have approached the same writers, who, given the similarities between the two series at this point, would probably have come up with much the same ideas...

EXEC ED: Now that JNT has returned to the limelight, we will of course proceed to cover related news stories.

CLASSIFIEDS

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NOTICE: Gary Cookson has stepped down as leader of the Chesire and Wirral LG. The new leader, Steve Woolfall, is on the llokout for new blood. For more information on the group an our quarterly fanzine, Out of Time (75p), contact Steve Woolfall, 85 Ridgemere Road, Pensby, Wirral, L61 8RR.

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EROSION OF THE DALEKS

Diane McGinn considers the slow decline of the Daleks...

IT HAS TO BE SAID. The Daleks are not what they were. If the series comes back, it's difficult to believe that they could possibly send the children of the Nintendo generation scurrying behind the sofa. But to abandon them entirely would be impossible — they're so closely associated with the series that they'd never be forgotten, they'd continue to dominate the series' publicity however many creations to match the Borg, or the T-1000, or the Xenomorph, were to cross the Doctor's path. In the early seventies, it was the Daleks, not the Cybermen whose return the older viewers demanded...

And similarly, the established design would retain its place in the public imagination. Ray Cusick's update of a few years ago is all very well, but it's a **tank** — a dangerously indefatigable, viciously armed and armoured tank, not a Dalek. Because a Dalek has a sucker cup, and spots, and an eye-stalk, and that image has built up in the public imagination so well over the last thirty years that it would take at least half as long again to shake it.

In 1963, the Daleks were a revolutionary design for a generation accustomed to silver-painted actors and gorillas-suits with diving-helmets passing as robots and aliens. They weren't obviously men in suits. But recent effects work has meant that men in suits seem more effective robots than mobile tin-cans, because the metallic framework under the flesh can be shown. Whereas a Dalek is now clearly a box containing an operator.

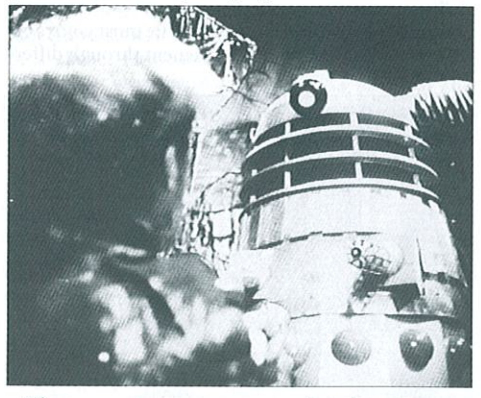
So, there's nothing to be done. The Daleks have become DOCTOR WHO's Catch 22 — DOCTOR WHO features Daleks, Daleks look like this, this isn't frightening, so DOCTOR WHO can never re-achieve the impact it had in the sixties.

Well, not quite. The basic design might be sacrosanct, but that doesn't mean that the details couldn't be updated and upgraded to create an impression of bristling danger. And a good starting point would be a return to the original designs.

Since the BBC's visual effects department took over responsibility for the Daleks as of *The Power of the Daleks*, the casings have undergone a slow death by a thousand cuts. None of the changes were significant in themselves — few of them were even noticeable. Each of them simplified the construction and maintenance of the casings. But the cumulative effect has been to undermine the dangerous machines of the early serials, emphasising all their more impractical aspects, while reducing practical features into needless fripperies. The classic examples of this are the shoulder slats, originally introduced to explain the Daleks' increased mobility as of *The Chase*. By *Remembrance* they'd become a moulded feature, apparently useless except as a piece of fancy design. More subtle was the damage done to the Daleks by the degeneration of the gun-stick. The original gun was a solid piece of engineering, the barrel reinforced by heavy metal rings and rods in a manner which suggested a delicate apparatus carefully protected against damage. The wire meant to suggest the earlier rings on the replacement is clearly useless, emphasising the fragility of the Dalek's only means of self-defence. The later guns fully deserve the 'egg-whisk' description Jon Pertwee so gleefully hurled at them.

The sucker arm was always a compromise, but again it's one which worked quite well until penny-pinching modifications undermined it. It may look impractical, but in *The Daleks* the creatures are seen holding objects, picking them up, passing them between each other... the sucker is clearly an effective manipulator. The impression is given of powerful apparatus of some kind hidden within a protective rubber collar. In later stories however, less use was made of the sucker as a manipulator, and the killing blow came in *Power*. A simplified arm, with fewer telescopic joints was introduced. Originally, the sucker arm could extend to perhaps ten feet on length. Whereas given the limited angles to which the arms could be directed, the later Daleks couldn't have picked litter off the floor without taking a blow-torch to their casings. If he'd ever nicked the Tarranium core again, the Doctor needn't have bothered chasing all over space with it — he could just have dropped it in the gutter and the Daleks couldn't have recovered it without help from Mavic Chen. Eventually, the sucker became a useless sink plunger attached to a single limited extension, so that by *Remembrance*, the idea that the sucker might actually be useful had become so laughable that it was replaced by a redesigned probe designed to connect with sockets on the Dalek ship. A laudable idea, which in itself re-established a strong design point from the early stories missing in later years — that Dalek controls should be designed for Dalek hands. But the *Remembrance* manipulator is useless for any other purpose, leaving the Dalek with no way of handling objects. No, what's needed is an updated sucker cup (preferably a rubber cowl which clearly isn't a sink plunger, but might perhaps feature an inlaid filigree of wires suggesting inbuilt circuitry), with frequent reminders that this merely protects a variety of manipulation and connection devices, connected to a massively flexible arm which, preferably, allows the Dalek to grasp objects beyond a human's reach.

The eyestalk could also benefit, of course, from the reintroduction of the dilating iris emphasised in *The Daleks* and *Power*, which indicated the calculating intelligence within, giving the Dalek a form of facial expression. But talk of the eyestalk brings to mind another important aspect frequently lost in later years — Dalek body language.



The concept may seem strange, but the movement of the casings and their appendages constitutes a sort of body language, denoting as effectively as in *The Robots of Death* the division between machines and encased creatures. Think of the moment in the *Dalek Masterplan* when the Dalek leader orders the extermination of all humans on sight, its eyestick directed at Mavic Chen. Such little touches are as indicative of the Dalek's mood as the boss's refusal to look up from his work after you enter his office. Unfortunately, perhaps so as to avoid drawing attention to the inanimate 'goons' filling out crowd scenes, Daleks have tended to remain still unless specifically engaged upon a task in recent years — whereas their continual fidgeting in the early stories created an air of continual expectation — a feeling that they were *about* to do something...

The colour schemes are a final area where a return to early principles might prove wise. The grey and black paintwork of the last twenty years has rarely proven effective — the shot in *Resurrection* where a door slides open to reveal apparent darkness, until the shadowy form of a Dalek opens fire, being perhaps the only time it really contributed something. But Daleks are too bulky to hide in the shadows, so a colour scheme which emphasises their solid metallic nature might be more effective.

There are other elements in the original designs however which never made it to the screen which might perhaps be resurrected. Principle amongst these is the double skirt arrangement Cusick initially suggested, whereby a transparent outer skirt would allow a glimpse of a layer of circuitry and equipment filling the space between it and a reflective inner layer, in such a manner as to create the illusion that the Dalek's lower body was filled with electronics. An idea well worth reviving, though the electronics filling this cavity shouldn't be anything too familiar — not circuit boards and LEDs, definitely not valves and coils, perhaps instead illuminated crystalline blocks reminiscent of QUANTUM LEAP's mini-Ziggy link. It would certainly help to make it less obvious that there was an operator within the casing — as would a slightly more careful arrangement of the cameras and lights so as not to back-light the gauze through which the operator sees (isn't it odd that they never really got it wrong in the hectic days of continuous recording, whereas ghostly silhouettes have been all too visible within the Daleks under rehearse/record?), and a return to the smaller Daleks of the Hartnell years. The later casings may be more comfortable (OK, less painful!) for the operators than the originals, but the originals were effective simply because they looked too small for there to be anyone inside! And correctly shot, even the 4'6" casings of the early days can look ten foot tall, metaphorically. Look at the death of Kert Gantry in *Masterplan* one (it's on the *Dalek Years* tape, backed by a truly awful record) to see what a little stylish camerawork can achieve.

Another unused touch from those originals design was the idea that the sensor spots on the lower skirt might be illuminated, perhaps in a similar manner to the dome lights of *Remembrance*'s Imperial Daleks (one *Remembrance* addition definitely worthy of retention), and that these lights might flash in complex sequences when the Dalek got agitated. Difficult to achieve in 1963, with only car indicator lights and post-office boxes available to the BBC design department. But nowadays, a simple random sequencer, a box of LEDS and some translucent castings should make the idea simple to achieve.

Now we're getting somewhere. Make sure the ring modulator's correctly set, add perhaps a transparent dome, with an Arcturus like Kaled mutant vaguely discernible through the walls of the tank in which it floats, and the original plans start to provide a highly effective design (though that last suggestion might cause trouble if the tanks were ever to crack - shorted electronics and a soaked operator. Definitely no high currents for the electronics!). And then, its all down to the direction. Each feature must be emphasised, but never in such a way as to make it a gimmick. And equally importantly, each feature must be readily available whenever needed, and regularly used. One use may establish it in the viewers' mind, but unless there are occasional reminders, the memory fades. The iris and the telescopic arm lingered in the minds eye for years after they last appeared, but eventually they were forgotten and the Daleks diminished as a result. The new extermination effect of *Remembrance* would have suffered the same fate, simply because it was too expensive for regular use. That single shocking blast established it well enough for the later occasions when human deaths were smothered in clouds of smoke not to matter in that one story, but the 'glow' would soon have become noticeable by its absence. Any extermination effect in future stories must be available on demand, every time a Dalek fires, if its to remain effective.

Interesting though isn't it? It isn't actually the Dalek design which fails to satisfy in the high-tech nineties. It's the construction compromises of the low-tech sixties, and the budgetry compromises of the cost-cutting seventies. The original designs are all that could ever be needed.

FLIGHT THROUGH BANALITY?

FOR A LONG TIME, people have had it in for *The Chase*. It's supposed to be silly, childish and uninspiring. It's not the 'serious science fiction drama' that the majority of Doctor Who fans embarrassingly believe the series to be. But I quite like it.

The Chase was transmitted in June 1965, almost exactly a year after *The Aztecs* and two stories after *The Crusade*. By this stage, the gap between the historicals and the SF tales was beginning to look like the BBC Classic Serial changing into Teenage Mutant Ninja Turtles III every few weeks. If Season One was, *Sensorites* aside, a considered, intelligent family adventure, the plots of Season Two seem fuelled by gimmicks. The TARDIS shrunk! Daleks in London! Giant ants! The moral tone of the earlier Hartnell SF stories has all but evaporated, replaced by a string of spaced-out spectacles, some more spectacular than others and some that should be watched only when spaced out. *The Chase* fits perfectly into this mould. In a sense it was a story waiting to be made from the day after Dalek Christmas. The premise is crushingly obvious, unusually for Doctor Who, where it is normally only semi-crushingly obvious. Perhaps this is where John Peel's novelisation falls down slightly. Although a perfectly good piece of writing, he tries to make *The Chase* into something it isn't. Incredibly, it appears that Terry Nation took the scripts fairly seriously, DARDIS and all. It's to the eternal credit of the underrated Dennis Spooner that he altered them. I wish somebody had put some jokes into some of Nation's later scripts. (I'm thinking Spiridon here, chiefly.)

In many ways, *The Chase* conforms exactly to the public perception of Doctor Who, which seems sometimes to have been formed by people who have seen only Seasons Two and Thirteen. It's a thriller for the kiddies who will be enthralled by the battling monsters, and has plenty of twists and gags for Mum and Dad. What's interesting and enjoyable for today's video viewers are the attempts of the production to match the demands of the script.

The Daleks are at the peak of their popularity here, with their first big screen adventure released between Episodes One and Two, and as the *Radio Times* said, everything from Dalek bubblebath to Dalek glow in the dark pessaries available from High Street stores. As characters they are a little odd in *The Chase*, for two reasons, I think. Reason one is that nobody at the BBC could reasonably have been expected in 1963 to anticipate the elevation of six oddly shaped pieces of fibreglass from Uxbridge to the status of a kiddie cult. Reason two is that as a direct consequence of reason one, Terry Nation, Spooner and Verity Lambert didn't seem to be paying too much attention to them beyond signing merchandising deals.

The Daleks' blundering silliness in this story is crucial to the credibility of the narrative because they have become too powerful for the series' infant format to withstand. They have a time-space machine that actually works and a tracking device to follow the TARDIS. Given these abilities it should not be too difficult for them to execute a doddery old fellow, two suburban teachers and a teenage girl who keeps tripping over. Having written himself into this corner, the writer keeps trying to get himself out of it rather than abandon the whole thing as the bad idea it obviously is. (See also *The Five Doctors* and most of the Colin Baker era.) Eventually he writes the Doctor out of the story in the final episode, leaving Daleks and Mechanoids to fight it out in a terribly well directed TV21 style battle. Impressive as this is, it would have been nice to see the heroes use their wits, as suggested by the Doctor in Episode Four, to defeat the Daleks finally. It's in this area that David Whitaker really triumphs over Nation in writing for the Daleks. A more satisfying conclusion could perhaps have seen the Doctor somehow setting up the battle between the machines, ala *The Evil of the Daleks*. As it stands, the by now apparently insane Hartnell's response to the dilemma is to keep moving while he attempts to create some sort of anti-Dalek vapour neutralizer. The earlier episodes set this up as something important, so it's a hilarious surprise when it turns out to be not very much more, in appearance and effect, than an overheating Baby Belling gas stove.

But all this is so much carping. The most enjoyable aspect of *The Chase* is the movement through different eras and environments. There are so many ideas packed into the six episodes that things have moved on before they can get boring, broken up only by Dudley Simpson's bizarre cocktail bar score. The opening scene aboard the TARDIS sets things up, with the domestic routine this time including a futuristic spot of telly watching. Each member of the family gets to see what they want, although Ian's desire to observe the Gettysburg address is somewhat strange. A television set that can show anything from anywhere is a piece of Children's Film Foundation technology perfectly in keeping with Hartnell's 'barmy old granddad' portrayal and the general tone of the rest of the story. Certainly, the Time-Space Visualizer was the only thing worth salvaging from *the Space Museum*.

The opening episode gives the impression that the entire story may well be set on the planet Aridius, latest in the long line of Hartnell planets that, in an endearingly Thirties serial way, possess names similar to their chief physical characteristic. One wonders whether Aridius was called Oceanus (Marinus?) before the seas dried up. Or indeed whether, if Louis Marks had submitted *Planet of Evil* rather than *Planet of Giants* in 1964, Zeta Minor would have been called Notveryniceus. The Aridians themselves are a wet bunch, the advantage here being that they're over and done with in twenty five minutes. Other highlights of the first two episodes include the effective location filming, Hartnell's hilarious delivery of the line 'I have the directional instincts of a homing pigeon,' and a cliffhanger involving what appears to be a constipated Dalek.

The vignettes that make up the following three episodes are entertaining enough, although their full impact will be lost to any viewer familiar with the twist endings. The film work on the nineteenth century clipper is very well done, with plenty of Daleks disposed of in unusual ways, which is what the kids really wanted to see. The confrontation between the Daleks and Dracula and Frankenstein and the Grey Lady is a blatant piece of crowd pleasing, although the haunted house episode is notable also for its Eldoradoesque technical gaffes. The robot Doctor sequence is extremely amusing, once again pointing out the flaws in the original's character that had been somewhat buried in the antics of the previous stories (and allows Nation the first use of his witty 'who's who' quip). The fifth episode, rather melodramatically titled *The Death of Doctor Who*, also features plant creatures referred to as Gubbage Cones, one of the best names for a monster in the series ever.

The Mechonoids are rightly the stars of episode six — 'I am a dirty Mechonoid' their leader appears to say in greeting. Initially they appear rather too cute to give the Daleks much trouble — Vicki even does an impression of them — but, my goodness, they don't half give as good as they get. Interestingly, the fictional concept behind the Mechonoids makes it much more logical for them rather than their opponents to be the empire building fascists of the galaxies. After centuries of waiting, they might perhaps have decided to go looking for the humans with the access codes, destroying all those who failed to meet their tests and building more and more cities as they swept by. Also in their favour is their magnificent stilted city, which really does inspire awe — a word of recognition here for Ray Cusick, who also makes good with the interior of the Dalek capsule. Peter Purves as Steven Taylor is probably the least well remembered of all the companions, which is odd because in this story, and in a few of the later ones, *The Massacre* and *The Gunfighters* in particular, he comes across rather well. The problem is that unlike the previous companions we never get to learn that much about him. He's an astronaut who likes teddy bears and is headstrong and argumentative and that's about it. All of that we learn from his introductory episode. The psychological problems one would expect from a man locked up for two years with only the Mechonoids, a panda and a climbing frame for company are skipped over quickly, but then, there are more important things going on. And if I may be permitted a moment of dissent, I think Maureen O'Brien is actually rather good as Vicki. Just a clumsy, very ordinary girl, but played with humour and energy. Think of "Who's your friend?" in the surviving episode of *The Crusade*. She may not have the strangeness of Susan but the character is a lot less irritating and helpless, both as written and performed.

The Chase, of course, also sees the departure of Ian and Barbara. In the curious rewriting of the series' early history that went on in the early eighties, younger fans such as myself were encouraged to believe that the teachers were exceptionally rounded characters who had been intended to be the centre of the show. 'Kidnapped' by the 'murderous' 'anti-hero' Doctor, they were constantly frustrated in their longing to return to twentieth century Earth. The increased availability of the Hartnell episodes has exposed much of this as a myth. The Doctor is actually a kindly old man whose great failing is reckless curiosity and who is afraid to show his feelings openly. The 'kidnap' is inspired by grandfatherly concern. Ian and Barbara are an ordinary young couple, fellow travellers to the Doctor but certainly never overtaking him as the focal point of the series, and they have adjusted to their new lives by the start of *Marco Polo*. What I like about Ian and Barbara is that they represent an England that has ceased to exist, if it ever existed. They are what you imagine your well adjusted friend's parents to have been like in the early Sixties, all cardigan and slacks and politeness and halves of lager and leather car key straps. They resemble Ken and Deirdre Barlow in many ways. David Whitaker's excellent novelization of *The Daleks* is basically a science fiction novel written by a Fifties matinee idol. And it captures both Ian — gasping for a cigarette outside the Dalek city, comparing the output of the food machine to a Mars bar — and Barbara — believing the story of *Tardis*, refusing to encourage the Thals to fight — perfectly.

Their return to London 1965, accomplished in a blaze of still photographs, is amusing and tearjerking. One imagines them today as grey haired and still marvellously in love, delivering Liberal Democrat leaflets through letterboxes in North London.

So that's *The Chase*, lightweight but enjoyable. If your idea of a good Doctor Who story is one that takes itself terribly seriously, save yourself the money and buy something sensible instead, although a Dalek tin would be handy for biscuits, etc. But if you like a giggle now and then, buy it, but watch it an episode a day. You may then agree with me as I bestow it with a smiley (6).

Gareth Roberts

Journey into Terror - © BBC Video

TURNING POINT

The Power of the Daleks was a radical departure on many fronts. Not only did it introduce a new Doctor for the first time, it also marked the Daleks' maiden outing without Terry Nation's creative input. Furthermore, it finally put the seal on the Davis/Lloyd production style, locking Doctor Who into a "less history - more action" format. With this one six part story Doctor Who took a new, and quite radical direction that differed in nearly all respects from the one it had ploughed almost unswervingly for the latter part of William Harnell's reign. This was never going to be another *Chase* or *Masterplan*.

The on-screen writing credit goes to David Whitaker, and it is undoubtedly his script in the main. However, the idea was apparent suggested to him by Terry Nation, who was at that time unable to turn in another Dalek story because of other commitments — fortunately for us as it happened. In the end "other commitments" also dogged Whitaker's product, which, proving to be way over length was then cut down by Dennis Spooner. Speculation surrounds the suggestion that *The Power of the Daleks* had originally been written for Hartnell, but what ever the case, Gerry Davis would have had to have written in the transformation sequence and the more specific character traits of the Doctor as any writer, no matter how experienced, could have written accurately for a protagonist they'd never seen. Somewhere along the line no less than four writers had a hand in shaping *The Power of the Daleks* — a recipe for disaster in most cases, but not this time.

For the first time since their inception, Polly and Ben are moved from being side-kicks and cyphers into centre stage, with roles that are integral to the workings of the story. Admittedly, this promotion doesn't last for the whole six episodes, but for most of the early action it is their doubts about the regenerated Doctor that give substance to the plot as much as anything the Daleks may be doing. Their "is it him... what's going on... it can't have happened..." cross examinations of the Doctor lend a real sense of ambivalence to the proceedings. We may have seen the photos in the press showing Patrick Troughton as the Doctor, but if the Doctor's friends are suspicious then shouldn't we be? However, before too long this feeling of suspicion has spread throughout the colony on Vulcan, with the TARDIS crew, the Daleks, the establishment, and the rebels all checking over their shoulders. No one trusts anyone else, as double identities unfold, and friends turn into enemies, and vice versa.

What is most remarkable about this story is just how little Patrick Troughton does. Okay, so he's on screen for quite a lot of the time, but right up until the end he does little more than half elude to his suspicions whilst getting in the way. In fact, this early manifestation of a hands-off approach established itself as one of the new Doctor's main characteristics, at least up until the departure of the Davis/Lloyd axis, after which a more pro-active Doctor stepped forward under the direction of a less sympathetic production office. This robbed the second Doctor of one of his most "alien" qualities - and one which helped imbue *The Power of the Daleks* with an often palpable sense of mystery. Gerry Davis later admitted that maintaining this aura of enigma around the show's central character was not easy, especially for new writers, but its origins can be seen quite clearly in *The Power of the Daleks*, where the Doctor is often cryptic to the point of frustration. This helped lend an internal conflict to the relationships between the regular cast which had been missing since the early Hartnell days and something that I feel has never been successfully captured since.

The "colony in turmoil when the Doctor arrives" plot is now so well worn that it has become something of a cliche. However, unlike other less successful attempts at wringing a story out of this formula, *The Power of the Daleks* makes it seem innovative and exciting. This is undoubtedly helped along by a strong cast and some well defined character portraits, but what really kicks the story into touch is the Daleks. Gone are the "running, jumping, killing machines" that Terry Nation had allowed his creations to become. In their place is a race of ruthless schemers — cold, arrogant, and above all, powerful. They exude a sense of determination that lends a purpose to the proceedings in a way that their grander schemes (hollowing out the Earth or destroying the Galaxy) failed to do. By virtue of its primordial drive, the struggle to survive will always have a potential to create a dynamic tension between adversaries, and David Whitaker makes good use of this possibility by weakening the humans through internal conflict, whilst at the same time showing the unity of purpose possessed by the Daleks. Without unity how can the humans defeat the evil within their colony? It will have to be a battle to the death, but the enemy have already been invited in...

I feel I can't review this story without mentioning the "classic" production-line sequence. I saw it, and its status as one of those golden moments in the show's history is well founded. Partly because it was a real spectacle, and part because we the viewers got to see just how much trouble was in store for the colonists and Doctor, this vision of "breeding" Daleks is probably the fulcrum of *The Power of the Daleks*. To be able to breed an army to order is chilling enough, but to have that reproduction taking place in the midst of the human colony with the aid of its power, really heightens the claustrophobic ambience that permeates the whole story. Quite simply, this single sequence represents just how threatening Daleks can be when handled properly.

With such promising material an audio version of *The Power of the Daleks* had the potential to be one of this years prize additions to the ever-growing Doctor Who back catalogue. How could a good quality sound-track and a sympathetically written set of spoken links fail to bring this classic story to life? After all, this tape has had the advantage of the combined talents of Eric Saward and Tom Baker as link-writer and narrator. Surely nothing could go wrong...

Firstly, the quality of the audio is very good. Perhaps the tapes have lasted better than other telerecordings from that period, or maybe someone at the BBC has taken some time out to clean up their sound. Either way, the original material sounds distinct and bright, although it unavoidably retains something of that off-the-TV feel. Accepted weaknesses aside, full marks so far. And then, oh dear...

The rich rounded tones of Tom Baker seem very at odds with the hesitant Troughton Doctor, and it is often hard to imagine just how these two manifestations of a single person could really be linked. Baker's narrated observations boarder on the arrogant, which

Points of View - *The Power of the Daleks*

POINTS OF VIEW wasn't always that annoying ten minutes where Anne Robinson sneers at viewers while reading out largely complimentary letters. No, it used to be presented by Robert Robinson, and Kenneth Robinson, and even someone called Barry Took, though they soon sacked him (well, he was obviously the wrong choice...) And there used to be a Junior Points of View, where children could give their opinions on series intended for both children and adults, and be told what they *should* be thinking... In late '66, it turned its attention to Patrick Troughton, the new Doctor Who, and while Troughton might now be remembered as the Doctor who could do no wrong, the children of the time weren't so sure about him... to say the least.

Presenter: ...No, he's a very generous man - He probably charged him much less than that. But now for our money, what price Doctor Who? We've deliberately kept off the subject of Doctor Who for a few weeks now to give Patrick Troughton a chance to play himself in. To give a fair idea what you think of him - John Rogers of Doncaster is poetically blunt:

"I say 'boo' to the new Doctor Who."

And Tracey Barnes of Guildford:

"I don't like the way the new Doctor Who acts. I think Dougall [of the Magic Roundabout] could play him better. At least he has the right sort of haircut."

Well generally, I'm afraid you haven't taken to him.

"Please bring back the old Doctor Who. He looks as though he might be bad and never say 'now, now my child'"

"As Doctor Who is a programme for intellectuals, I suggest the script-writers are replaced, or is forced to write something sensible for an actor in a great programme"

Sue Goodes in Wakepiece...

"I have nothing against the actor himself. He may be good, but he dresses like a clown and walks like Charlie Chaplin. The way he plays the part is idiotic and childish."

There are some who do like the new image...

"Dear Miss Maud.

I just have to tell you how good the new Doctor Who is, I think he's smashing with his top hat and plimps. Hooray for the new Doctor Who, I think he's smashing! Much better than before. After all, most clever men have a sense of humour."

He'll need it when Colin Lowe of Sedgefield pleads...

"Please would you take Doctor Who off and put another funny programme on."

Even if it means taking up Janet Greene of Croydon...

"I think we should have more girls' programmes like stories of *Cinderella* and such kind, and better things than Doctor Who"

Well to me, the programme of its kind is better than good. Occasionally there is the feeling of having seen it all before. But at the moment, I wouldn't want to face Saturdays without it. Likewise, it's going to be hard to imagine Mondays from now on without Till Death Us Do Part. Of course, it's by no stretch of the imagination a childrens' programme, but so many of you do see it...

Recording preserved and transcribed by Leighton Calvert

often threatens to smother the far gentler Troughton, detracting from his magically subtle performance. Before now it had never occurred to me just how different the two portrayals actually were, but their combination on these tapes made me realise just how good Patrick Troughton was, and just how poor Tom Baker could be.

The root cause of a lot of my grievances must be laid at the door of Eric Saward. His links are often too long, and regularly contain the Doctor's observations about himself. Surely what is needed for the links on an audio tape is a clear set of word-pictures that fill in the gaps left by the original dialogue. Nothing added, nothing taken away. However, what we get with *The Power of the Daleks* is Saward's reinterpretation of the story via some rather bombastic Tom Baker-read links. I can't help feeling that this combination is an example of what not to do with an audio release — lacking, as it is, a sympathy for its original material, whilst at the same time failing to illustrate the story's purely visual elements. The result often degenerates into conflict, with new and old material competing with each other for prominence.

So - marks. For the original story, (10). But for the 1993 presentation, a mere (5) is the best I can do.

Anthony Clark

MEMORIES

CAN IT REALLY be five years?

For the first time, I sat down to watch a new series of Doctor Who without a trace of optimism, and very little excitement. Usually a new season brought with it expectations and hopes; little hints had been let slip that excited the fans, rumours of old monsters or new companions to look forward to. But 1988 was different. No new Doctor, no promised revamp, no anniversary season. For the first time in 10 years, no reason to expect anything special.

And with good reason. 1987 had seen probably the worst season in Doctor Who's long history. Memories of *Time and the Rani, Paradise Towers, Delta and the Bannermen* and *Dragonfire* haunted me. Why should I even bother to tune in this time around? The much vaunted 'Cartmel effect' was conspicuous by its absence (unless the dodgy plotting and oh-so-subtle characterisation of *Dragonfire* was meant to be revolutionary), and one was almost looking back to the golden days of Pip 'n' Jane. So why did I watch episode one of *Remembrance of the Daleks*? Habit.

In retrospect, *Remembrance* can be seen as the start of Doctor Who's long haul back to respectability, a rehabilitation after the disaster of the mid-80s. At the time it just seemed to be little short of a miracle that the same production team responsible for the abysmal *Dragonfire* just a few months earlier could have come up with something so watchable as this.

For make no mistake, it was watchable. Of course, it didn't hold up to close inspection, but then little of recent years does. But when it was on air, for those 25 brief minutes, it held the attention absolutely.

Remembrance of the Daleks was composed almost entirely of 'moments'. The battle in the junk yard, the philosophical cafe scene, the Doctor's destruction of the black Dalek by logic, the gunner Dalek, the creepy little girl, the Doctor's manipulation of the Hand of Omega… and of course, the moment to end them all, the climax to episode one when a nation screamed in unison, "Quick, up the stairs… oh… *SHIT!*"

There was, admittedly, little else between these 'moments', but that would be to miss the whole point of *Remembrance of the Daleks*. It's a roller coaster of a ride, a slam-bam adventure that has little time for the subtleties of plot or character. I like to think that Ben Aaronovitch had some grand master plan in his head when he was writing it, for snatches of an underlying structure can be glimpsed occasionally, but this is just a bonus. The greatest demand made upon the viewer is to work out just where the different factions of Daleks fit in (I got it spectacularly wrong, you'll be pleased to know, which perversely just added to my enjoyment), and what on Earth the Doctor is up to, a recurring theme of the next seven stories.

The Doctor disarms a Dalek (Remembrance of the Daleks) - © BBC Video

So, the mind boggled occasionally, and the eye boggled constantly. Don't follow this too closely, and it all starts to make a weird kind of sense. This is Doctor Who for the Nintendo generation, the conflict between Time Lord and mutant reduced to a video game. We don't question why Mario or Sonic need the Magic Crystal to defeat the King of the Mushrooms, and we don't need to know why the Hand of Omega is so important to the Daleks that hold the Plot Device… sorry, the Time Controller. It just is, okay? Ben Aaronovitch obviously had half an eye on the novelisation when he omitted half the explanations, but that just made it all the more fun for the fans to make up their own.

Cypher after cypher appears on screen, say their plot development, and die horribly in the BBC's latest super new extermination effect. By this stage in Doctor Who's history, no one was taking it seriously, and supposedly respected actors lined up to utter ridiculous straight lines for Sylvester McCoy to snarl at. Five stories in, Sylvester had finally got the hang of the role and was milking the ultimate ham part in TV for all he was worth. But it's when he understates so beautifully that you realise that he could be a worthy successor to Tom and Pat and Pete. "I think I may have miscalculated…" beats an ECU of Colin's over-acting nostrils any day.

And Ace - what a revelation. Turns out that this girl can actually act, after all. Okay, so she's still the cliche tomboy from *Dragonfire*, but that's hardly Sophie Aldred's fault and she gives it all she's got. Like Sylvester, she would improve, but for the first time in a long while, we could watch Doctor Who and not be extremely embarrassed by the performances of the principals.

Even the principal villains were back to their old form. Far from being Davros's stooges of the last couple of series, they were evil, cunning, vicious, all by themselves (or so it seemed). Dignity was finally restored, and when that Dalek made a mockery of the old Punch cartoon at the end of episode one we knew that the Daleks were finally back, and they were going to kick some serious ass.

If you had to show a Sylvester McCoy story to a casual viewer, this would have to be the one. More convincing than *Battlefield*, more comprehensible than *Ghost Light*, more acceptable than *Happiness Patrol*, *Remembrance* is the one McCoy which left its roots showing, the one story that could slip unnoticed into the rest of the canon. After these four episodes I could have seen the series continuing in this vein, and pulling in the viewers, Coronation Street notwithstanding. It would have been a shame, of course, to have lost the rest of the ingredients that made Doctor Who what we loved so much, but I could have handled it if it meant that the show had a chance.

I don't know how it's going to compare to *The Chase*. It strikes me as a rather bizarre exercise, packaging the two together, as almost by definition, if you like one you're going to hate the other. And yet, as an example of how far the series evolved in twenty-five years, the pairing would take some beating. All this and stereo too. Shame I can't even begin to afford it. (9)

ANDREW DAVIES

He's never written any 'real' telefantasy, but in series like A Very Peculiar Practice ***Andrew Davies*** *has danced along the genre's borderline. With the sequel to his 'day after tomorrow' serial* House of Cards *due next month, the chance to speak to him was too good for* **Stephen O'Brien** *to pass up…*

Well, the obvious way to begin is to ask how you started writing in the first place.

It was really in the early sixties. I was a school teacher in London and I started writing radio plays. The first one was called *The School* and was about my own experiences as a student going on teaching practice, and I sold that to Welsh radio. And then after university I moved up to Kenilworth, which is this very sedate little place and part of the idea was that we'd get a dog and have some babies and do the domestic bit, and then we got a television, which I'd never had before, and I began watching all these television plays. It was the classic period of The Wednesday Play and I thought "Ooh, I could write one of those."

I think it was 1967. I sold the first television play and it was quite well-reviewed and from then on I kept getting 'discovered' by people who would then drop me. Five years after that I got another one on called *Is That Your Body Boy?*, again a school based sort of thing, and then again I couldn't sell any more. It was, I suppose, the early to middle seventies when I finally did get established.

The script editor on Thirty Minute Theatre in those days who'd done *Is That Your Body Boy? was Louis Marks*, who was later to go on to be (and still is) a very successful television producer at the BBC, and he was the first person in any position to choose things and recommend things [who] was really keen on my work. He was better than an agent, because he was obviously disinterested as he had nothing to gain by it, and he recommended me to other producers. It was the days of the anthology play where they would have ten separate plays all related to the idea of sports or something like that. So Louis would ring me up and ask "Are you interested in any kind of sport" and I'd say "Er, yes - women's athletics!" and of course I didn't know anything about it but I thought it would be fun to find out about.

I did quite a lot of things in the seventies with a very few producers. The three that I worked with most were Innes Lloyd, Louis Marks and Rosemary Hill. Louis was a very conscientious producer, and of course he started out as a writer and he still does write a bit. He had this terrific weakness for Doctor Who, AND he was a very good producer to work for because he was very sympathetic to a writer's point of view. I'm actually doing something with him now which is an adaptation of Middlemarch. [Filmed early August in East Anglia].

Is there any reason why you seem to specialise in novel adaptations for TV now?

Well, going back, I think it was on Louis' recommendation that I got the job of adapting this great long RF Delderfield novel, To Serve Them All My Days.

Just repeated on UK Gold.

I know. I haven't seen it because we don't have satellite telly. I'd love to get hold of a copy though.

What's happening about the House of Cards sequel [To Play The King]?

Oh, that's in production now. It got so delayed because, originally, I'd mucked about tremendously with the first one and changed the ending and everything, and Michael Dobbs realised that gave him the opportunity to do a sequel, and while he was actually writing that he got together with Ken Ridington (who has produced most of my work), and me and talked about some of the ideas he wanted. He had this brilliant central idea that it would revolve around the conflict between Urqhuart and King Charles. And it was from a liberal humanitarian point of view — very, very opposed to this right wing Tory government with Urqhuart at the head of it. And at that time Michael Dobbs and I just couldn't see eye to eye on it. I wanted to use it to be really quite scathing about right wing politics AND about the monarchy and Dobbs is both a right winger and a monarchist and so his was a lot softer on both sides.

You've been quoted as saying that A Very Peculiar Practice took the place of another series you were trying to write but which got aborted. Do you recall what that series was about?

It was called Middlewitch which I later discovered is the name of a real town so I'd have had to call it something else anyway, and it was based around the lives of three women who were all students at some university which might have been Warwick [Where Andrew Davies was a lecturer]. Two of them were mature students and one was a girl of about 19.

It was a bit of jump then to A Very Peculiar Practice because students hardly feature at all in that series.

Yes. It was something I'd had up my sleeve in a way which was portraying characters that were larger than life, and I thought it would be viciously satirical. But there's only one [like that] really, the second episode of the first series [*We Love You, That's Why We're Here*]. After I'd written that though I thought, oh it's an awful thing to say, 'students aren't very interesting are they?' — and I thought that's all I want to write about students, so after that I just used them in bit parts really — often as victims so they'd stumble in with all these environmental injuries caused by the uncaring university and so on.

Who was your favourite character to write in A Very Peculiar Practice?

I had this idea that Bob Buzzard, if I ever met him, would be somebody whom I'd really hate but I loved writing him. It was so exhilarating writing all that fascist diatribe. And yes, he was the character I enjoyed writing the most and he was actually the easiest to write oddly enough, like the way his subconscious worked and he'd come out with these Freudian slips.

At the time the series ended you stated 'Definitely no more' so how did the one-off come about?

Well, after the second series I really felt that I'd said all I had to say about Lowlands University and Doctors and all that stuff so when they asked me if I'd write any more, which they did from time to time, to get out of it I'd say "I'll only do another one if I can set it in Poland or New York, otherwise no." And so when all those upheavals were going on in Eastern Europe Jonathan Powell said "Well, you said you wanted to do A Very Peculiar Practice in Poland. Well, go on then." They said they could only do a one-off but that's really all I fancied doing.

Around about 1984/5 I spent a short time in Poland on a university conference type of thing and got to know some Polish people and so when it came to the second series, because he [Stephen Daker] had had a really nice girlfriend in the series before, who really took care of him and saved his emotional life in a sense, I thought 'Now he's getting better let's give him a difficult girlfriend', and I thought I'd make her Polish. I didn't really know any Polish women well and in fact the character was based on a German girl who I did know very well, but I said if there were any Polish actresses then let's try and cast a real Polish actress. And so Joanna Kanska turns up and she couldn't speak a word of English!

In getting to know Joanna I learnt a lot more about Poland and Polish girls and so on and she just rambled on about her life story which was very interesting and entertaining, and so when we got the chance to do [*A Very Polish Practice*] Ken, Joanna and I went over to Warsaw and met all her old friends, and tacked together this story.

There was an entirely different atmosphere to the special since for most of the time Daker wasn't the emotional cripple that was emphasised so much in the series, at least until his realisation that something is going on around him.

Yes, the love triangle was the most important element and it took on a serious tone because of the kid, and the situation at the hospital. The director of the hospital was very much a Polish version of one of the corrupt characters in A Very Peculiar Practice.

You never wrote a really emotional storyline in A Very Peculiar Practice — all the major storylines centre on the corrupt nature of bureaucracy whereas that theme is only incidental in the special.

Well, in both of them I was really wanting to write about sex and relationships in quite a, oh I don't know, a fairly cool and amusing way. I suppose in general I was trying to say that all people's sex lives are a disaster and in many ways funny, whereas in *A Very Polish Practice* I was saying well here's Stephen and Greta and they love each other but they've got into this terrible situation, and it's genuinely and potentially tragic.

So what are you involved with at the moment?

Several things but the one I'm most excited about at the moment is a sitcom, my very first one. I'm writing it with a girl called Bernadette Davis who used to be my agent's secretary, and she used to tell me all these stories about when she used to live in this flat with these two boys. She was in her mid-twenties and they were two or three years younger, these would-be trendy young boys in London with jobs and suits and drugs and so on, trying to be cool, whose lives were actually complete disasters. I kept saying "This is so wonderful, you ought to write a play about it". But then we realised it was more sit-com than a straight play so we're doing it [as such] and we've sold it to HatTrick who do Harry Enfield and Drop the Dead Donkey. Geoffrey Perkins [KY-TV's Mike Flex & former radio Hitch-Hikers' producer] is developing it with us and they like it — it may be on BBC2 this year.

Andrew Davies, thank you very much.

Postscript: It's the Sod's Law of interviews that something interesting always gets mentioned away from the tape recorder as you drive the subject back to the station. In this case, it proved to be Andrew Davies' affection for the Tom Baker era Doctor Whos, *and his admission that he tried to write one at the time — but couldn't make the script work. Just about the best writer British TV's got, and he tried to write for* Doctor Who…

Andrew Davies - © Stephen O'Brien

MOONBASE 3

An assessment of this recovered series...

THE RECOVERY of Moonbase 3 is in its own way as unexpected a discovery as that of *The Tomb of the Cybermen* — whereas *Tomb* was the long-for 'classic' whose return had been rumoured so often that many fans refused to believe it until the tape slid into their video recorder, neglected, near forgotten Moonbase Three was simply assumed to be gone — never sold abroad, no dedicated fans stealing tapes from incinerators... So little research into the series had been done that the crucial words "A presentation of Twentieth Century Fox TV division in association with the ABC owned stations" at the end of the scripts remained overlooked...

It shouldn't have been such a surprise — in the early seventies, the BBC struck several such co-production deals for series with American studios, most notably for Colditz (hence the inclusion of Robert Wagner and David McCallum in its cast). The comparison is an apt one, as Colditz was not, generally, an action adventure series, concentrating instead on character vignettes associated with a particular escape plan, and Moonbase 3 takes a similar approach. As such it is an oddity amongst telefantasy series, which are usually keen to mix edge of the seat thrills with any philosophy or characterisation which might creep in, and as telefantasy fandom has generally been dominated by those who came to the genre as children, it's perhaps not so surprising that the series was forgotten.

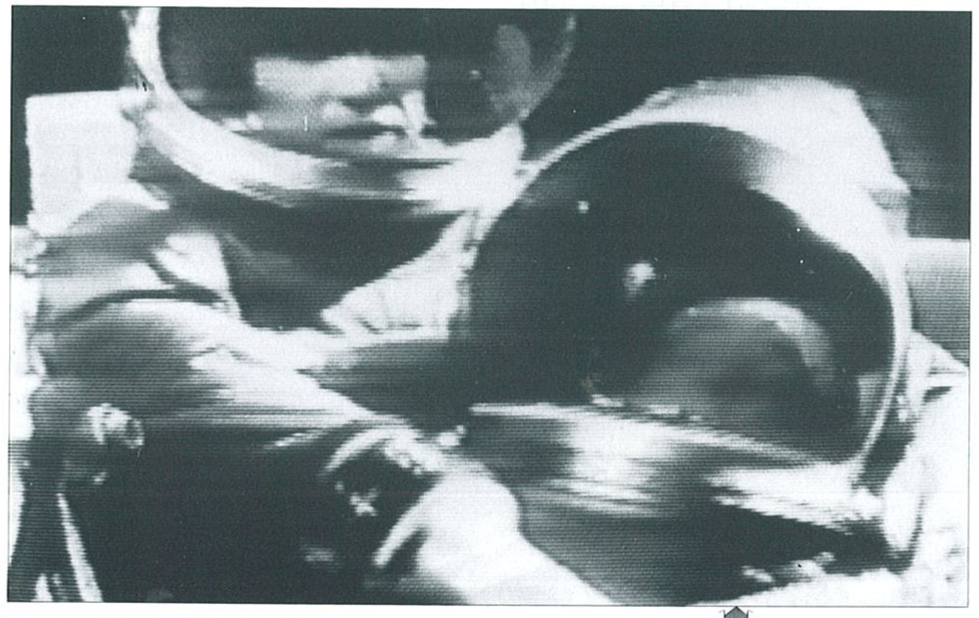
The series resembles Star Cops in many ways, and it's a dead-cert that anyone who found Star Cops dull or uninvolving will feel the same way about Moonbase 3. It pays even less attention to SF gimmicks than its eventual successor, which would generally make use of at least one frontiers-of-technology device in each crime. Here, technology is treated in an entirely matter of fact manner — as a matter of nuts and bolts, as down to earth, and often recalcitrant, as a second hand video. The Moonbase itself bears distinct design similarities (even down to its internal doors) to that of Star Cops, and the main rec-room features an identical wall screen (which tends however to relay game shows and documentaries on early space shots rather than athletics and Railway journeys of the World!). Throughout the series, space-craft resemble those seen in *the Ambassadors of Death*, the design philosophy behind them, as script consultant James Burke commented at the time, being that 'unless someone's willing to spend an awful lot of money - which they won't be - the first Moonbases will be built with the technology currently in existence.'

Model sequences are basic but effective throughout, while the lunar surface sequences are rather more convincing than those seen in Star Cops. Musically, Moonbase Three shows few differences to Dudley Simpson's contemporary work on the Pertwee Doctor Whos, but the title music is superb, complementing a title sequence of inspired simplicity. A telescope pans across the stars to show not the Moon, but the Earth. As the music builds, the camera pulls suddenly back to show Earthrise above the lunar surface, before a long panning shot establishes Moonbase 3 itself. The end titles simply show the Moon, pulling back at the end again in sync with the music. In both cases, the effect of this simple zoom is far more effective than might have been expected.

The first episode, *Departure and Arrival,* is perhaps the least inspiring, and should discourage viewers not in sympathy with Moonbase 3's basic approach. In the opening sequence Moonbase 3's director, Tony Ransome is ordered back to Earth to appear before the base's control committee. He ignores a 'gut-feeling' recommendation from the base's psychiatrist Helen Smith that his regular pilot Harry Sanders (Michael Wisher) should be grounded, as his perfectionism and ambition makes him incapable of recognising his own limitations. When an accident occurs Sanders attempts to repair it with out help from control, only to die in space, and Ransome, attempting to pilot the shuttle home without experience, blows it apart.

The basic premise for the episode is unlikely, as it assumes that Ransome would have been allowed into space when incapable of following direct orders from control. A more serious flaw to the episode is its odd pacing — its sole climax is Ransome's death, less than ten minutes into the narrative. Beyond this, the man thrust to the episode concerns the fight for succession to the control of the beleaguered Moonbase — the french representative on its governing council (shown in a video link sequence repeated almost shot for shot by star Cops in its first episode) feels that Ransome's deputy, Michel Lebrun (Ralph Bates) should succeed, but on his casting vote the council's chairman appoints Dr David Caulder (Donald Houston), the welsh wizard who solved the university 'disturbances' of the last decade.

Houston's performance does not capture the charisma intended for the character. As an ordinary human being he is quite appealing, particularly once hints of a relationship with Dr Helen Smith (Fiona Gaunt) begin to develop (though his 'boyo' accent is occasionally irritating), but he is not compelling enough to carry off the rest of the first episode, as, in the face of abrogations of responsibility from his new crew, and outright resentment form Lebrun, he decides to teach them an object lesson as to the dangers of space — by stranding them on the lunar surface. Quite simply, Caulder does not have the air of brilliantly dangerous unpredictability needed to justify such an action, and as a result the episode never rises above the watchable.



John Brason's *Behemoth* poses a disturbing mystery. Two of the Moonbase's crew are seen to be overcome on the lunar surface, and as events develop disturbing readings accumulate until a surface dome is smashed in and its occupant killed. Is there a monster on the Moon? Reason would say no, but the rumour soon spreads from Moonbase 3 to the American, Russian, Chinese and Brazilian bases... One of the strengths of *Behemoth* is the feeling of continuity it provides — many of its subsidiary characters had been established briefly (in post-recorded inserts) in *Departure and Arrival,* and most were later to return in *outsides,* later in the season. Unlike Moonbase Alpha, Moonbase 3 does not contain a bottomless pool of guest stars, never seen before or after their hour of fame. The down side however is the blow to the series' credibility caused by the deaths in this episode: According to *Departure and Arrival* there had been only eight fatalities in the decade since Moonbase 3 was established, with Ransome and Sanders' deaths threatening the base's future, yet three more occur in *Behemoth,* with another to come later in the season.

Nevertheless, the episode creates an air of tension, only slightly dissipated by its ending. How one reacts to this depends on one's expectations: the serious SF fan will jump for joy, while the media fan still eager for monsters will feel hugely disappointed.

John Lucarotti's *Achilles Heel* is a psychological thriller of sorts. Its basic plot premise is again the "never trust a failed careerist" one, and as such it adds little new to a formula touched upon back in Departure and Arrival. That said, it is a nice enough character study that helps build up the already established Moonbase atmosphere, although the pace sometimes slackens off too far, dissipating the tensions inherent in the basic idea.

Adam Blaney (Edward Brayshaw) is an astronaut with a minor heart complaint who has been passed over for a prestigious place on the Venus Probe. He seems to take this in his stride, in the process showing up the failings in his less obviously stressed colleagues. While they are making unforced mistakes in their work he carries on as if nothing has happened. Kate Weyman (Ann Ridler - previously seen in *Wheel in Space*) turns in a quiet and believable performance as one of Blaney's flawed work-mates, whose apparent mistakes cost Moonbase 3 dear when she destroys some expensive electronic equipment.

Another member of Blaney's team also seems to be losing his professionalism, letting worries about personal relationships and career prospects get the better of him. In the end though becomes clear that the loss of his Venus Probe place has pushed Blaney over the edge, and that it is him that has been nudging his colleagues into their mistakes and worries. But by the time this is realised he has gone outside with Helen in a Moon buggy — and when she adds one more rejection to the burden he carries, disaster strikes. This would however have been far more believable if the script had not drawn so heavily on stereotypes, which results in some sometimes lumpen dialogue. All in all, the episode is a little slow and lacking in focus.

Outsiders, John Brason's second script, follows on with a similar theme. However, unlike Achilles Heel, the feeling of isolation and frustration that failed to fully materialise within Lucarotti's narrative are better realised here, helping to form a tense and compelling episode. Stephen Partness and Peter Conway are both on the brink of major scientific break-throughs, but both are under pressure because of costs and resources — and for Partness, ordered back to Earth in the aftermath of Liebenthal's death, success offers his only chance of persuading Caulder to rescind the order. Although very different in character, a friendship exists between them, born partly out of their mutual feeling that they are outsiders. However, whilst Conway seems secure and calm under pressure, Partness is obviously feeling the strain, and this manifests itself in a terse and off-hand manner with many people on the base.

Events are brought to a head when someone is sent up from Earth to carry out an audit of Moonbase 3's expenditure. Unless its research projects can show some results very soon, the base's funds may be cut. However, salvation appears to be at hand when both Partness and Conway report that their projects are showing results — they've developed a process for aerating metal, forming light-weight spongy castings, and a cheap new nuclear fuel. Moonbase 3's funding appears to be secure. That is, until Partness is shown to be a fraud — his results have been faked to win him more time.

Conway, on the other hand, seems not to care about his work, falling back into a state of mental inertia. His philosophical musings on the meaning of life reveal him to be a deeply dissatisfied individual who has misplaced, or at least is in the process of losing, his purpose in life. He cannot see the point of success.

As the Earth representative leaves, satisfied that at least one major scientific breakthrough has been achieved on the Moon, a solitary figure walks out onto the lunar surface. As he removes his element, to die in the vacuum of space, it's revealed that this is Conway, not the twice disgraced Partness.

Good performances turn a reasonable script into a compelling watch, with real insights into the characters of Partness and Conway coming from their respective portrayals. The result is both good and tense, with only some rather heavy-handed philosophy marring an otherwise excellent episode.

Castor and Pollux moves events away from the Moon's surface for the first (and as it turns out only) time since *Departure and Arrival, heading* out instead into space. The main plot is simplicity itself. A satellite malfunctions and Tom Hill sets off to dock with it and find the fault. But a computer glitch causes his engines to fire, hard-docking his capsule in such a way that it cannot lock, while the satellite into an escape orbit, heading towards deep space. The jammed hatch could be freed from inside the satellite, but its speed is such that a rescue mission would less than an hour to dock, perform the repairs and unlock. The only pilot capable of this is Hill himself...

The political subplot concerns possible Russian/European collaboration on space research and exploration which could prove to be Moonbase 3's financial salvation. In particular, the Russians plan a Mars mission (Marsokaya) which is to be commanded by their ace cosmonaut, Colonel Gararov. Gararov and Hill have deep mutual respect for each other, and Gararov has requested that the Briton join the flight. When the accident occurs, the Russian defies orders and insists on carrying out the rescue mission. Knowing that the he is endangering Gararov's life, and hence the Mars flight and the Russian co-operation essential to the base's future, Caulder doesn't tell Earth what's going on until it's too late to object... But Lebrun begins to question Caulder's priorities, and sure enough Caulder soon finds himself relieved of command...

This episode is very slow at times, although good performances from the regular cast help to keep the story rolling along. What really saves the day however is the Hill/Gararov relationship, which adds some much needed humanity to an otherwise rather pedestrian story. As ever, the model work is adequate for most of the time, and like much of the zero-gravity footage, someone, somewhere earned their pay on the space-walk sequences.

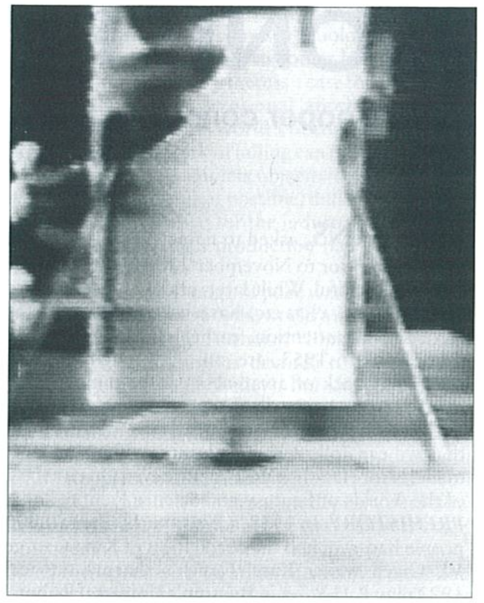
The final success of the rescue mission placates both the European and Russian authorities, paving the way for closer links between their two space programmes. A rare happy ending for a series more used to down-beat conclusions.

The best, however was to be distinctly gloomy, in the form of the final episode, *View of a Dead Planet.* This episode opens with an air of almost forced jollity, as a team of moon-walking astronauts prove to be litter collectors, clearing rubbish left by 'the British unmanned landing of '93' prior to the arrival of a visiting dignity, and Lebrun pauses to grumble about the reconstituted wine served up for Bastille day (throughout the series, alcohol is unexpectedly common, in contrast to the teetotal Moonbase shown in Star cops, though this isn't so unlikely as it might seem — Wine was only barred from the '73 Skylab missions after temperance campaigners brought pressure to bear on NASA.). The tone swiftly changes as Sir Hamilton Dyce, 'one of the greatest scientists of the last century' arrives. Played by Michael Gough (in his charismatic eccentric mode, rather than the seedy old man one) with his usual style, he is deliberately offensive to everyone in sight, until, after Helen stands up to him, he declares that she's worth more than everyone else on the Moonbase put together, adding matter of factly that his objection to the Arctic Sun project is "that it will destroy all life on Earth."

Dyce's character works effectively, particularly as his anger at the nationalism that kept his project alive after he disowned it boils over. Dyce had proposed the Arctic Sun Project, a way of warming the frozen northlands with a controlled fusion device in fixed orbit, only to realise once too much had been invested that the reaction could not be controlled — by necessity the device must be detonated above the weakest point in the Earth's magnetosphere, and will continue until it has consumed the Earth's entire atmosphere...

View of a Dead Planet is paced in a manner which demonstrates very clearly that Barry Letts and Terrance Dicks intended it to be a drama, not a thriller. Moonbase 3's staff simply assume that Dyce is talking nonsense, since his objections have been rejected by the authorities running the Project, and there is no atmosphere of fear and expectation as the hour of its implementation approaches. Instead, the first indication that Dyce might be right comes as contact with Earth is lost, and the planet's atmosphere begins to glow...

From here on, the episode becomes once more a study of the effects of claustrophobic pressure, reminiscent of Star Cops' *Other People's Secrets*, though its background gives it a unique atmosphere, allowing previously suppressed aspects of characterisation to come to the fore in ways which might otherwise have been impossible. Most interesting is the vitriolic confrontation between Lebrun and Caulder, in which all the former's resentment at being passed over comes to the fore. "You stand there when the entire Earth is dead, and everybody who put you where you are, they're dead, and you say you're the Director, you give orders! Well if you kill us, you'll be the only man left alive, and when you're the only one left, you can stand out there alone and shout out to God, 'Right, now there's just you and me!' And you know something else, you'll try to give orders to God!'" Again, the performances of the regular cast contribute much to this episode's success, particularly in the scenes where Caulder and Hill discuss how long their supplies will last, and how best to end things once they run out, Barry Lowe in particular hinting at the character's struggle to remain cool and practical in the face of the end of the world (Donald Houston does however score as he explains the situation to his crew).



Moonbase Three proves to hold up astonishingly well, if you watch it on its own terms — as a straight drama, which works as a six episode prologue to Star Cops. If the best episodes fall a little sort of the potential their scripts seemed to offer, then the weaker episodes mange to disguise their weaknesses better than one might have expected. The series adds something worthwhile to the diversity of British telefantasy, and proves to be a very welcome addition to the archives...

Anthony Clark & Anthony Brown

Moonbase Three

Regular Cast: David Caulder (Donald Houston); Michel Lebrun (Ralph Bates); Dr Helen Smith (Fiona Gaunt); Tom Hill (Barry Lowe); Director General (Peter Bathurst: 1,3,5); Stephen Partness (Tom Kempinski: 1,2,4); Ingrid (Christine Bradwell: 1,2,4,5); Sandy (Mary Ann Severne: 1,5); Franz Hauser (Victor Beaumont: 1,4,5); Rao (Madhav Sharma: 1,4,5); Peter Conway (John Hallam: 1,2,4); Heinz Laubenthal (Peter Miles: 1,2); Bill Jackson (Robert La Bassiere: 1,2); Bruno Ponti (Garrick Hagon: 2,4,6); Technician (Cy Town: 2,4); Lisa (Anne Rosenfeld: 3,5); Jenny (Patsy Trench: 1,4); Walters (Jonathan Sweet: 1,4); Juan Benevento (John Moreno: 1,4).

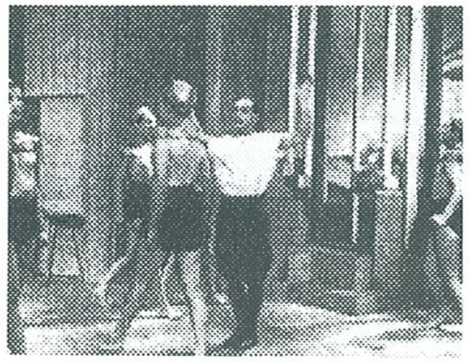
Departure and Arrival by Terrance Dicks and Barry Letts; Director Ken Hannam.
51.49 minutes; Recorded 19/6/73; Tx:9/9/73.
"We're only hanging on to the Moon by an eyebrow. Do you really think we'll survive a scandal like that? Moonbase 3 will be done for — and you'll be the one who finished it." 2003: Men - and women are at least living on the Moon. But in such a tiny enclosed society, a clash of personality can mean disaster. Who was responsible? David Caulder must find the answer.
CAST: Dr Tony Ransome (Michael Lees); Harry Sanders (Michael Wisher); Madame Carnac (Elma Soiren); Technicians (Larry Rickets, Steve Peters, Mike Stephens, Dennis Marlow)
Behemoth by John Brason; Director Ken Hannam
52.10 minutes; Recorded 10/7/73; Tx:16/9/73.
"Something coming out of the cold black empty dark to shelter in the warmth and comfort of our nice cosy Moonbase." Is there something alive in Mare Frigoris?
CAST: Guido Marandelli (Denis de Mane); Per Bengtson (Jurgen Anderson); Dr Robertson (Derek Anders); Cheng (Anthony Chinn); Foreman (Ken Manod); Technicians (David Waterman, Laurence Rose, Maureen Weston, Judy Nichols, Harry Fielder, Jamie Griffin, Larry Rickets, Steve Peters, Mike Stephens, Dennis Marlow)
Achille's Heel by John Lucarotti; Director Christopher Barry
51.45 minutes; Tx:23/9/73.
"Adam and Bill; Adam and Kate; Adam and Tom; Adam and Helen; Now Adam and you; He moves around, our Adam."
CAST: Adam Blaney (Edward Brayshaw); Bill Knight (Malcolm Reynolds); Jane (Joanna Ross); Kate Wegnan (Anne Ridler); Dodi Knight (Nanine Watt); Astronaut (Oliver Ford Davies); also (Cy Town, Monique Briant, Anne and David Plenty, David Waterman, Mike Stephens, Bill Knight)
Outsiders by John Brason; Director Ken Hannam;
51.21 minutes; Recorded 1/8/73; Tx:30/9/73.
"We're both misfits, outsiders. We don't belong. It's time we got out." Conway and Partness very different men with very different problems: one of them is heading for disaster.
CAST: Macadam (Edmund Pegge); Technicians (Dennis Marlow, Mike Stephens, Stewart Myers, Charlton Morris, Jeffrey Brighty, Emmett Hennessey, Maureen Nelson, David Waterman, Harry Fielder)
Castor and Pollux by John Lucarotti; Director Christopher Barry
51.00 minutes; Recorded 29/7/73; Tx:7/10/73.
"They've cyanide capsules on board. Take one — get it over with. That's what I'd do..."
CAST: Mather (Perry Soblonski); General Trenkin (George Pravda); Colonel Gararov (Milos Kirek); Russian Orderly (Leslie Bates); Technicians (Monique Briant, Margaret Pilleau, Ann and Denis Plenty, Tiffany Suchard, Ken Wade, Ken Tracey, Stuart Myers, Richard King, David Melbourne, Kelly Verney, Lionel Wheeler)
View of a Dead Planet by Arden Winch; Director Christopher Barry
51.44 minutes; Recorded 20/7/73; Tx:14/10/73
"They will explode a hydrogen bomb over the weakest point in the Earth's armour." Will the Arctic sun project be the disaster Sir Benjamin Dyce insists?
CAST: Semgoner (Robert McBain); Disc Jockey (Ed Stewart); Paula Reiner (Magda Miller); Sir Benjamin Dyce (Michael Gough); Quiz Master (Leonard Gregory); Mr Hopkirk (Aubrey Danvers Walker); Jose (Joe Santo); Quiz Master's Assistant (Karen Young); Technicians (Cy Town, Mike Stephens, Elaine Legrand, Sally Foulger, Roy Briant, Roy O'Connor, Les Shannon, Barry Sommerfield, David Wild, Monique Briant, Anne & Denis Plenty, David Melbourne)

GONE FOREVER ?

Nick Cooper considers the lost production which marked the birth of BBC telefantasy...

FEW FANS, asked to name examples of BBC telefantasy prior to November 22nd 1963 could get beyond a handful. While later series (Adam Adamant Lives!, Doomwatch etc) have become the focus of increased fan attention, earlier series, particularly those prior to 1953, are still very much a closed book. This lack of awareness can be put down to many reasons, primarily the fact that few of the pre-'63 serials still exist. It is only really through the press that we can follow the explorations that the BBC made, before Doctor Who, before even Quatermass, of the worlds of Fantasy and Science Fiction.

PREHISTORY: In 1938, a few months after 50,000 people had watched the coronation of King George VI, Czech writer Karel Capek's sharply satirical 1923 play *R.U.R*, set in Rossum's Universal Robots' island production centre, was produced. Within five years the manager predicts zero unemployment, since 'when the robots are doing all the work there will be no employment', and to prevent them from conspiring to threaten humanity they can be manufactured in different colours and speaking different languages so they will not be able to fraternise with each other. Despite this, the robots do rebel and massacre the humans, trapping the survivors in the factory before despatching them as well (chanting "Finished!" with each killing). The robots then realise that the formula for their creation has been lost, but luckily two of them fall in love discovering that are advanced enough to be able to reproduce. John Bussell's production was judged by *The Times* to be "interesting throughout," although lacking the necessary tension during the scenes of the survivors trapped by the robots, and the twin-camera superimposition trick used when they break in was deemed a mistake. The acting was praised, with Cherry Cottrell's key performance as Helena Glory, "outstanding." The robots were, "rather more human than they appeared on the stage", with the actors wearing cumbersome metallic suits, open-faced helmets and heavy make-up.



Nineteen months later, war broke out and the BBC Television Service was abruptly closed down during a Mickey Mouse film, and once it resumed the next Telefantasy production was not until 4 March 1948, with a second production of *R.U.R.* (repeated the following day). This time the robots looked even less mechanical, with the actors bare-footed and bare-chested in shorts and metal skull-caps, which no doubt caused a stir, yet seemed in keeping with the neo-art deco set design. 1948 also had two borderline telefantasy plays containing supernatural elements: James Bridie's *Dr Angelus*, starring George Cole and Alastair Sim, and J.B.Priestley's *Jenny Villiers*, with Leslie Banks and Daphne Arthur.

5 January 1949 saw H.G.Wells' *The Time Machine*, adapted and produced by Robert Barr. Russell Napier played the unnamed Time Traveller, with Mary Donn as Weena, the young woman he meets in the year 802,701 AD, by which time humanity has evolved into two species: the beautiful but effete Eloi, and the subterranean Morlocks who feed on them. The play was faithful to the original, and technically ambitious for its time. Barry Learoyd designed a wonderfully futuristic Time Machine and effectively authentic sets, with back projection used for the time travel scenes. Judged a success, the play was remounted on 21 February. As with both versions of *R.U.R.*, neither performance was recorded.

Shown fortnightly from 20 October 1951, *Stranger From Space* was the first children's telefantasy serial. Hazel Adair and Roland Marriott's script followed the adventures of Bilaphodorous (Michael Newell), a Martian boy who crashes his "Space Boat" on Earth and is befriended by Ian Spencer (Brian Smith). The eleven episode serial was popular enough to merit a six-part sequel, again screened fortnightly from 13 December 1952.

An adaptation of H.G.Wells' now largely unknown Swiftian satirical fantasy *The Wonderful Visit* was televised on 3 February 1952. A young Kenneth Williams played an angel who visits a small Sussex village, only to be treated with suspicion and contempt, while the bemused local vicar (Barry Jones) attempts to explain to him the complexities of English social nuances. Originally a delicately written fantasia on human behaviour confronted with an otherworldly visitor, and an allegory on the theme of intolerance, this production was: "... the sort of thing which may delight us on paper, but seems laboured when it slowly takes shape before you, 'realised' in flesh and blood, and a cardboard countryside. A distinguished cast toiled angelically." (*The Listener*)

1953: Nigel Kneale's first venture into telefantasy came in the significant year of 1953, in the form of a joint adaptation with George F.Kerr of Charles Irving's *Number Three* (1 February 1953). At a remote research station, scientists working on a new form of nuclear power are horrified to discover that their leader plans its use as a weapon. *The Listener* remarked: "The theme — surely becoming a bore — of the play was love among the atom scientists; the start was uphill work, with love-sick researchers and high jinks in the canteen, but as the melodrama put on speed and we rushed toward the danger of an idealistic lady scientist sending the research station sky-high, the acting and dialogue began to seem adequate and even convincing." Produced by Stephen Harrison, it featured Philip Guard, Jack Watling, Terence Alexander, and Peter Cushing in a minor role.

Five months later, Kneale's six-part serial *The Quatermass Experiment* received a far better reception, shattering many of the accepted rules of television drama in the process. Thus far (with the exception of *Number Three*) Telefantasy had owed much to prewar European and British films like *Metropolis* and *Things to Come* while cinema audiences were seeing a different facet of the genre. Invasions from space and rampaging monsters abounded, and *The Quatermass Experiment* and its sequels introduced these themes, albeit in a more intelligent manner.

Televised on 25 November, *Time Slip* was a thirty-minute play by Charles Eric Maine. John Mallory (Jack Rodney) dies and is brought back to life by an adrenalin injection, but his perception of time is now 4.7 seconds ahead of everybody else's — he can even answer questions before they are asked. Somewhat drastically, his psychiatrist smothers him to death and then revives him with a second more carefully measured dose of adrenalin! The cast (details of which were for a long time unavailable) included Harold Jamion (Dr Lascelles), Robert Ayres (Dr Slade), Joan Warburton (Nurse), George Murcell (Policeman), and John Sullivan (The Doorman). Produced by Andrew Osborn, it was, like every production to date except *The Quatermass Experiment*, not recorded.

1954: Another fortnightly children's serial, *The Lost Planet*, began on 1 January 1954. By Angus MacVicar, it followed the race to the planet Hesikos between Dr Lachlan McKinnon (John Stuart) and a rival, although the 'star' was McKinnon's 16 year-old nephew Jeremy Grant (Peter Kerr). McKinnons win the race, but remains behind on Hesikos because the ship is too over-loaded for the return journey.

In May *The Times* noted that television had not yet produced many one-act plays, exceptions being 10th May's double-bill of Arthur Wing Pinero's *A Private Room* and William Wymark Jacob's supernatural tale *The Monkey's Paw*. "Throughout the ancient fable of the three fatal wishes, the atmosphere is one of macabre suspense. The sight of the eerie shrivelled paw itself, together with Henry Oscar's anxious portrait of the father distraughtly dropping it after he had wished, helped to suspend disbelief. The final touch of the two tightly bolted doors, when the same son (Terence Alexander) returns to life for the second wish and then dies again for the third, was conveyed in all its full horror."

Sunday 12 December witnessed the greatest and most controversial television production of the 1950s. Impressed with *The Quatermass Experiment*, Assistant Controller of BBC Television Cecil Madden asked its producer, Rudolph Cartier, if he would next like to do George Orwell's *Nineteen Eighty-Four*. Utilising twenty-eight sets, the play had a budget high by the standards of the day at £3,000, but it was not enough for Cartier, who insisted on extra funding for John Hodgkis to conduct his specially written score live from a second studio. The final cost stood at £3,249. Peter Cushing was cast as Winston Smith, with Yvonne Mitchell and Andre Morrell in the supporting roles of Julia and O'Brien. Other notable actors were Donald Pleasance (Syme), Leonard Sachs (Mr Charrington), and Wilfred Brambell (later old man Steptoe) in two small cameos. The production was designed by Barry Learoyd, with special effects provided by Bernard Wilkie and Jack Kine.

Although forced to condense the story to fit the two-hour timeslot, Kneale did not hesitate from retaining the power and brutality of Orwell's novel. The play was a critical success, with *The Times* remarking that whilst, "not so much Orwell's vision as a pictorial simplification of it... the vividness with which the many parts of it came through would, perhaps, have pleased the author. Mr Peter Cushing made a touching broken hero of Winston Smith, and Miss Yvonne Mitchell did well in bringing to life the girl whom the sight of the torturer's rats forces him to deny. Mr Andre Morrell as O'Brien, who manipulates Winston's long remedial 'cure', had just the right tone of controlled fanaticism."

Other reactions were not so academic. The following Tuesday, a motion tabled in Parliament by five Tory MPs deplored, "the tendency, evident in recent BBC television programmes, notably on Sunday evenings, to pander to sexual and sadistic tastes". An amendment, by five Labour members and one Conservative, would make the motion deplore, "the tendency of honourable members to attack the courage and enterprise of the BBC in presenting plays capable of appreciation by adult minds, on Sunday evenings and other occasions." Further amendments and motions followed, with the Honourable Members behaving along similarly predictable lines. The BBC received hundreds of telephone complaints after the broadcast and were under pressure to cancel the planned Thursday repeat, but the furore died down when Prince Philip, in a speech at the Royal Society of Arts, said: "The Queen and I watched the play and thoroughly enjoyed it." On the Thursday, a *Times* editorial stated: "The BBC alone should be responsible for its programmes. It is hoped that as a result of all the fuss in the newspapers and elsewhere there will be an even larger audience for tonight's repeat than might otherwise have been gathered. If anything had been needed to underline the tremendous possibilities of television, the reactions of the last few days have provided it. Orwell's novel has been in circulation for five years. It has been widely read and made many thinking people uncomfortable. Yet until last Sunday's broadcast it could be said that the impact of *Nineteen Eighty-Four* on the British public had been only marginal. The BBC is to be congratulated."

The second performance went ahead and attracted the highest audience since the Coronation, with a telerecording taken for posterity. It was rescreened as part of BBC2's Festival 77 celebrations to mark the Queen's Silver Jubilee, but petty legal restrictions by the makers of the recent cinema version effectively block any further repeat or video release until the year 2000 at the earliest.

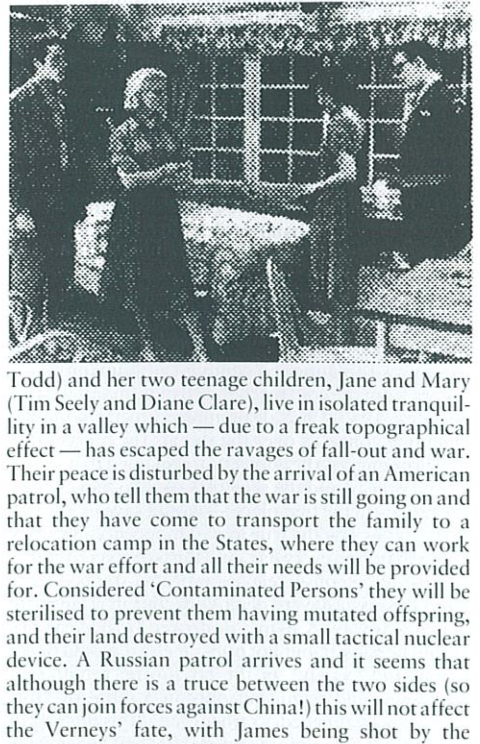
1955: In the new year, the six-part *Return to the Lost Planet* beginning on 8 January 1955 saw a return to a gentler pace. *The Listener* stated — somewhat disturbingly — that the second episode was "pleasantly childish, as all science fiction should be, and without last week's adult play's hysteria. The landing was quite thrilling."

The afore-mentioned adult play was *The Voices*, George F. Kerr's adaptation of Robert Crane's novel *Hero's Walk* (16 January, with a second performance four days later). In 2021 the Inter Cos world government rules Earth and is meeting to discuss the next stage of space exploration. An artificial planet already orbits Earth, and there are plans to construct a second for the already colonised Mars. Inter Cos President, Dr Werner (Walter Rilla), backed by the Russian and Chinese delegates, envisages further expansion, but Professor Mark Harrison (Willoughby Goddard), dying from radiation poisoning, is in mental communication with an avenging alien force bent on punishing mankind for having over-reached itself in its expansion. Werner is replaced by the United Kingdom and Eirean delegate, Sir Alton Berkeley (Terence Alexander — again !), and the threat recedes. Other notable cast members included Kevin Stoney and Barry Letts. According to *The Times*, "Technicians, the designer, and the producer, Mr Dennis Vance, took pains to make the all-important mechanism of space taxis and vision telephones elaborately efficient." *The Listener* was less complimentary: "In an hour and a half the piece induced a feeling of real contempt." The "absurd television telephones" were condemned, and the Voices themselves, "sounded merely flatulent, at worst like a long-playing gramophone record carelessly put on at the wrong speed." Produced by Charles Vance, it was not recorded.

On 30 January the Kneale/Cartier/Learoyd team came up with *The Creature*, in which an expedition led by Dr John Rollason (Peter Cushing) travels to a remote Tibetan monastery on a quest to find the Yeti. Expected to be as big a sensation as *Nineteen Eighty-Four*, in the end it was no such thing. Whilst every effort had been made to create a genuine Himalayan atmosphere, the play was let down by the lack of conviction in the performances and the script's shortcomings, and even the yeti were judged less than convincing. It was repeated on 3 February, and though neither performance was telerecorded, Hammer made a film version (*The Abominable Snowmen*) in 1957. Of the original cast, only Peter Cushing and Arnold Marle (as the Lama of the monastery) reprised their roles. The telefantasy year was then brought to a close by Kneale's *Quatermass II*.

1956-59: After the Telefantasy glut in the first half of the decade, things settled down for the last four years. The children's serial *Space School* occupied four weeks of 1956 from 8 January. Produced by Kevin Sheldon, who had been responsible for *The Lost Planet*, it was about the three Winter children (sadistically named Wallace, Winifred and Wilfred!) who "live in one of the little houses on the inside rim of Earth Satellite One." The cast included Edmund Warwick, later to play William Hartnell's double in *The Chase*. Unsurprisingly, the serial was not recorded, which is probably a blessing.

Viewers seeking more effective entertainment had to wait until 5th December 1957 for Evelyn Frazer's *The Critical Point*, which left J.C.Trewin (in *The Listener*), "afraid to approach a refrigerator." Doctors Philip Gage (Eric Lander) and Andrew Mortimer (Leo McKern) have been experimenting with "hibernation anaesthesia," and are now ready to try freezing a human. When Gage kills his wife, Margot (Nicolette Bernard), he quickly volunteers. Enter Detective Inspector Snaith (Tom Chatto), only to be told: "Dr Gage is at present enclosed in a tank full of solidified gas at a temperature of minus 80 degrees centigrade." "That sounds pretty cold to me," murmurs the Inspector, obviously unaccustomed to finding his suspects in tanks of solidified gas. In the end McKern's character arranges a "mercy-killing" to spare his colleague the indignity of a trial. The play was judged a success given that, "if its treatment had been less determined, it could have been the frozen limit, but Miss Frazer had written it ably." Sadly, it was not recorded, but producer George R. Foa remounted it in 1960, and that version does survive.



Aside from the 1958 transmission of *Quatermass and the Pit*, there was then nothing until a production which at the time seemed to rival *Nineteen Eighty-Four* for controversy — *The Offshore Island*, a condensed version (by Michael Voey) of Marghanita Laski's 1954 play. Eight years after a nuclear war has reduced Europe to a wasteland, Rachel Verney (Ann Todd) and her two teenage children, Jane and Mary (Tim Seely and Diane Clare), live in isolated tranquillity in a valley which — due to a freak topographical effect — has escaped the ravages of fall-out and war. Their peace is disturbed by the arrival of an American patrol, who tell them that the war is still going on and that they have come to transport the family to a relocation camp in the States, where they can work for the war effort and all their needs will be provided for. Considered 'Contaminated Persons' they will be sterilised to prevent them having mutated offspring, and their land destroyed with a small tactical nuclear device. A Russian patrol arrives and it seems that although there is a truce between the two sides (so they can join forces against China!) this will not affect the Verneys' fate, with James being shot by the American Captain (Phil Brown) during an argument, and Rachel and Mary electing to remain in their home, waiting for the bomb. Somewhat predictably, reactions to the play were split firmly along party lines. *The Times* observed: "Like Mr J.B.Priestley in *Doomsday For Dyson* [an anti-nuclear ITV play shown the year before], Miss Laski comes to grind her axe about the Bomb. From [the arrival of the Russians] the play becomes a duologue between humanity and politics. On the other hand, *The Listener* countered: "Surely there is a case for welcoming in television drama occasional approaches to the greatest problem in the world's history, about which nobody with any spark of failing can fail to be in some way tendentious. Complete objectivity in such a case is either impossible or, if possible, dull. *The Offshore Island* was not written for the industry of entertainment. Dennis Vance's production had an excellent urgency and vigour."

1960: A complete change of pace was *Hands Across the Sky* (7 February 1960) the world's first Telefantasy opera, composed by Anthony Hopkins. Professor Neutron (Eric Shilling) is devoted to his assistant, Miss Fothergill (Julia Shelley), but she is interested only in science... until the arrival of the green-skinned alien Squeg (Stephen Manton), that is. Critical reception was good, although one wonders with a libretto (by Gordon Snell) which included — "I chased him through the uranium deposit, And now he's locked himself in the heavy water closet."

According to *The Listener* "Television accommodated the opera with no trace of strain. Voices and accompaniment were well balanced, and Charles Lefeaux's production had a visual inventiveness that never did violence to the formal structure." No copy is known to exist.

On 31 July the remount of *The Critical Point* appeared in the Summer Theatre series. Owen Holder played Dr Gage, with Mervyn Jones as Dr Mortimer, Edward Harvey as Inspector Snaith, and Lana Morris as Margot Gage. *The Times* said: "If the play is somewhat heavily wordy and its answer melodramatic (we must admit the situation to be provocative of melodrama), Mr Foa, with keen concentration upon complex scientific processes, generated enough tension to make extremes of behaviour seem inevitable." The 35mm telerecording from which the play was transmitted is retained by the BBC.

1961: What Quatermass did for the 1950s, *A for Andromeda* and its sequel did for the 1960s. Intelligently written by Fred Hoyle and John Elliot, the first six-part story began on 3 October 1961, and will be covered in more detail in DWB119.

On 5 November the BBC presented a 75 minute adaptation by William Best and Donald Bull of Patrick Marsh's novel *Breakdown*. In *The Test*, Dr John Armstrong (Nicholas Selby) is engaged on defence work involving forces of appalling power, and grave fears of a miscalculation add to the considerable strain he is under over his turbulent private life, his wife, Mary (Sheila Ballantine), having fallen in love with a colleague. *The Times* thought Alan Bromly's production, "though never failing to interest us, did not hold us spellbound or make us feel that human emotions were under any greater strain than usual as a result of the dangerous forces involved." While the subject of the research was the raison d'etre of *Number Three*, *The Test* was essentially a study of one man's mental breakdown, with the science-fiction elements a mere cipher. At the time of writing it is not known if a recording of the play survives, but given other productions of the time this is unlikely.

From 21 November 1961, *A for Andromeda* was replaced in the schedules by the five-part *The Escape of R.D.7*, written by Thomas Clarke from an idea by James Parish. Dr Anna Hastings (Barbara Murray) has developed a virus for use against rats, but when

lab cleaner Peter Warner (Roger Croucher) is infected, she is ordered to stop her experiments. Somewhat irresponsibly, she drugs her assistant and hides away with him in a remote part of Essex to carry on her experiments, first by injecting herself with R.D.7! Produced by Thomas Ormerod, the serial was reasonably well-received, with Clarke's dialogue and characterisation being praised.

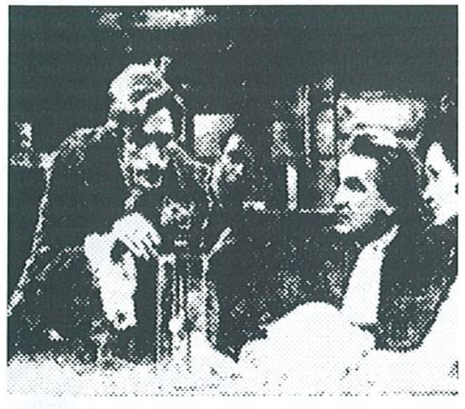
1962: *The Big Pull* (from 9 June 1962) contained shades of *The Quatermass Experiment*, with American astronaut Mike Sklorski (Frank Fenter) returning to Earth, only to drop dead of unknown causes the moment the capsule is opened. The first man to enter the capsule is its designer, Dr Weatherfield (Felix Deebark), who then appears to absorb Sklorski's memory before disappearing. The potential menace becomes apparent when there are a series of similar 'fusions' — of two men attacked, one dies and the other vanishes... Its downbeat conclusion remains clearly remembered some thirty years later. An early association with Telefantasy for director Terence Dudley, later to work on Doomwatch, Survivors and Doctor Who, this was the first BBC Telefantasy production transmitted from videotape. None of the six episodes survive.

Shown in the Suspense series on 25 June 1962 was *Virus X* by Evelyn Frazer. A super-flu virus is spreading across the country and the only the wartime research of the embittered Dr Bennett (George Colouris) holds the answer. Unfortunately, he has disappeared and the entire stock of the wonder drug he developed in the 1940s is on its way to be destroyed — cue tense chase drama... Stephen Harrison produced/directed the hour-long play, which was not preserved by the BBC. Catweazle/Robin of Sherwood creator Richard Carpenter played Dr Lowden. The six-episode *The Andromeda Breakthrough* followed three days later. Again written by Hoyle and Elliot, it was not as immediately popular as its prequel, although the telerecordings from it was transmitted still exist.

Bizarrely, the four-part *The Monsters* (from 8 November) was conceived over lunch in the BBC canteen following a Panorama report on the Loch Ness Monster, & reunited Evelyn Frazer and George R. Foa, with Vincent Tilsley sharing the writing chores. Honeymooning near Lake Kingswater, long-fabled haunt of mysterious creatures, Professor John and Felicity Brent (William Greene and Elizabeth Weaver) encounter strange goings on. Why has Professor Cato (Robert Harris) been using a miniature submarine to make people believe there are monsters in the Lake? Do the monsters exist at all? Brent discovers that they do, and the fate of mankind rests on their survival. The serial was directed by Mervyn Pinfield, later associate producer and sometime director on Doctor Who. No episodes were retained by the BBC.

A hark-back to a gentler age was the adaptation of Wilde's *The Canterville Ghost* televised the night before Christmas Eve. Bernard Cribbins played the ghost, with Ruth Dunning and Oliver Fox the American couple who shatter the tranquil peace of his haunting by moving into "his" stately home with their daughter Samantha Eggar and her odious twin brothers. *The Times* thought Elaine Morgan's script, "provided a feasible pastiche of the Master's style in her prologue and epilogue, though her efforts failed to ring true in other passages. Mr Stuart Burge's production, when not insisting over-emphatically upon the Ghost's transparency, nicely captured the story's period.'

1963: In the final months of 'the forgotten decade', Nigel Kneale's *The Road* was directed by Christopher Morahan and produced by John Elliot, and screened in the BBC First Night series on 29 September 1963. In 1770, country squire Sir Timothy Hassell (James Maxwell) dabbles in 'Natural philosophy' while his wife Lavinia (Ann Bell, twenty years before she again played his wife in Tenko) flirts with Gideon Cobb (John Phillips), sub-Johnsonian iconoclast of the London coffee houses. Hassell is fascinated by the search for new knowledge, but is a prisoner of his age, seeking it even in matters supernatural. Cobb has a great and glittering vision, of how the world will be when, "machines will do all." What has brought them together is the strange phenomenon which occurs in a local wood each Michaelmas Eve. Three years ago, a poacher died from the horror of what he saw; the year before Sam Towler (Rodney 'serious actor' Bewes) almost went the same way, after hearing, "all screams and screeching... as if all the dead people was rising out o' Hell an' coverin' the land!" Hassell thinks it is the ghost of some terrible past event, but the shocking and terrifying conclusion show it to be a pre-echo from a future two hundred years hence, when a road will have been built through the wood; a road down which thousands flee from a nuclear attack. In this sense *The Road* sharply reflected its time, when the world had only just stepped back from the brink of thermonuclear war during the Cuban missile crisis in 1962. To the eternal shame of the BBC, no copy of this excellently-written drama was preserved.



The landmarks of BBC Telefantasy mirror the times in which they were made quite effectively. 1938-1952 were years of innocence, with even *R.U.R.* offering a romanticised conquest of humanity — a far cry from the cold mechanised nightmares of later decades; 1953-1962 dealt more directly with the emerging concerns over the threats the nuclear age had brought, yet the conviction remained that sanity would prevail and the scientists — who had created the threats in the first place — would save us all; The early sixties saw the true loss of innocence, illusions being shattered every day, and the worst yet to come. Almost in response, television drama stepped back from this; issues were dealt with, but in a far more allegorical way. A planet destroyed by nuclear fire would be shown, but not ours, or else it would be set firmly and "safely" in the far future; totalitarian regimes would reign, but only in a sense of "this could have happened," rather than, "this might still happen." It was almost as if real life had become far worse than anything a dramatist could envisage.

At 12 seconds after 12.30 US Central Standard Time on 22 November 1963, six shots were fired in Dealey Plaza, Dallas. Things would never be the same again...

Nick Cooper
with thanks to Keith Topping

STAR TREK
DEEP SPACE NINE

13)**Battle Lines** 1st May 1993

Teleplay by Richard Danus and Evan Calos Somers; Story by Hilary Bader; Director Paul Lynch; Music Dennis McCarthy

The producers decided early on that they were not satisfied with the character of the Kai and reworked a script idea into an opportunity to unofficially recast the part.

Major Kira is livid to find from Cardassian files left on the station that she was not taken very seriously by her former enemies., but her tirade is cut short by the totally unexpected arrival of Kai Opaka. The Kai explains her journey by reminding Sisko that he had once offered her a tour of the station. But Sisko knows that she has never left Bajor before and Bashir observes that she looks preoccupied and seems to barely notice her surroundings.

She tells Kira that contemplating prophecy is a difficult business. She does appear interested when she is shown where the wormhole is, but it is invisible until a ship passes through it. Opaka's look is enough to persuade Sisko to order up a station Runabout and invite Opaka, Bashir and Kira on a trip through the wormhole. Before they leave Opaka approaches O'Brien and tells him to give her necklace to his daughter.

The journey through the wormhole is uneventful. Sisko tries to talk to the Kai about all the economic benefits the wormhole will bring in a few year's time, but she seems to be on alert for something while musing that prophecy can often be vague. As they are about to start home, they detect a mysterious signal. Mindful of his passenger, Sisko intends merely to launch a probe and investigate later, but Opaka is interested in pursuing it further. They find a barren moon circled by a network of artificial satellites, one of which is malfunctioning. Bashir detects life-forms in a small area on the surface before the satellites disable the Runabout, which crashes. The Kai is killed on impact. The injured Kira is devastated but her mourning is interrupted by the arrival of a sullen and ragged looking band of humanoids armed with primitive weapons.

Back at DS9, Odo grows frantic as he receives constant enquiries from Bajor about the whereabouts of the Kai. As Sisko's party becomes increasingly overdue, Dax and O'Brien set out to find them in another Runabout.

Sisko and the other survivors learn that they are the first visitors to the moon but their greeting is less than friendly. A man named Shel-La introduces himself as the leader of the Ennis. He can't believe that the newcomers know nothing of their home world or the punishment they endure here. He explains that they live here along with their mortal enemies, the Nol-Ennis. They have fought each other for so long that no one quite remembers how it started. Their home world grew disgusted with their implacable hatreds and condemned them to live here as a lesson to others. Now the Ennis and the Nol-Ennis continue their conflict with the available weapons.

Bashir is shocked to learn that they have no medical personnel and offers to try to teach them some basic triage. Sisko warns Shel-La that they will not take sides, but he is told that will not matter. By simply being here they will be viewed as belonging to the Ennis. They have scarcely arrived at the cave which serves as the Ennis base when they are attacked by the Nol-Ennis. Casualties are numerous and Kira eventually joins the fray, using a phaser to turn back the assault. Sisko is appalled by her intervention but she is unwilling to sit and do nothing.

As Bashir attempts to tend to the wounded, their conversation is interrupted by a most unexpected arrival. — Kai Opaka. Bashir discovers that although she appears normal, her physiology has been radically altered at the cellular level. And as he looks around him, he sees that the dead from the recent battle are also starting to revive...

Camille Saviola returns as the Kai. Although she tell Sisko that their path will cross again, it seems unlikely to be soon. Jonathan Banks, best known for playing Pike on Wiseguy, sports a long wig and a scarred face as Shel-La, leader of the unappealing Ennis. A careful listener may discover that Jonathan has trouble keeping it straight whether he is with the Ennis or the Nol-Ennis, and who can blame him. Hilary Bader's original story portrayed the warriors as happy to be locked in endless combat, rather like mad Klingons. Instead, the moral message suitable for the Kai was added by making them bitter maniacs who complain about their lot. The whining becomes quite tiresome. It is difficult to imagine how Sisko was able to account to the Bajorans for his decision to whisk their revered leader off on a joy ride to another quadrant, AND not bring her back. He is lucky that he does not work for Captain Picard.(4)

14)**The Storyteller** 8th May 1993

Teleplay by Kurt Michael Bensmiller and Ira Steven Behr; Story by Kurt Michael Bensmiller; Director David Livingston; Music Jay Chattaway; Visual Effects Supervisors Gary Hutzel and Glenn Neufeld

Although the principal story here would seem to be an effects driven O'Brien saga, the saving grace of the episode is again the unexpectedly good interaction between the unlikely pair of Jake and Nog.

Federation personnel become involved in assisting the Bajorans on several fronts. Sisko has agreed to help mediate a land dispute between two unfriendly peoples in meetings on DS9 while O'Brien pilots Dr. Bashir on a mission to treat some sort of emergency in a rural village.

Kira warns Sisko that there is a saying that "the land and the people are one." The Paqu avoid contact with outsiders and are led an autocratic Tetrarch. The Navot are more sociable but inclined to bluster. Sisko's job appears more difficult when the Tetrarch proves to be a headstrong young woman not much older than his son Jake

During the long ride to Bajor, Julian Bashir tries to engage O'Brien in conversation and even enquires if he annoys the engineer. O'Brien is extremely evasive on that subject. The Doctor becomes preoccupied with trying to figure out what emergency demands his attention once they arrive at a peaceful village. He had imagined that a full-scale epidemic was ravaging the area. Instead he finds the Magistrate bemoaning their great jeopardy and rushing him off to see one frail old man. He is told that if this man dies the whole village will die.

Sisko tries to facilitate negotiations by holding an informal meeting between the Paqu and the Navot, but conversation quickly turns hostile. For many years the boundary between the two peoples has been fixed by treaty as a particular river. However, the Cardassians diverted the river for their mining operations and it now flows 20 kilometres within what used to be Novat territory. The Paqu claim the land, to the disgust of the Novat. The young Tetrarch, Varis Sul, soon storms out of the meeting. She is spotted by Jake and Nog and both boys become enchanted. Nog vows to find a way to meet her.

Doctor Bashir learns his patient is called the Sirah but he can find nothing wrong with him other than something he cannot cure — extreme old age. He warns the Magistrate that it is just a matter of time before the Sirah succumbs. The old man does rally long enough to ask Bashir if the prophets have sent him, but he quickly decides that the doctor is not the one he has been waiting for. Instead he settles upon O'Brien as the chosen one, to the complete bafflement of both Starfleet officers. The Sirah insists upon dressing in his robes as nightfall approaches and tells them that every year at this time a terrible creature called the Dal'Rok comes from the forest to destroy the village for five nights. It is the role of the Sirah to defend the village. This is the fourth night and he expects O'Brien to assist him. A crowd gathers as darkness falls and the Sirah climbs with the aid of his assistant to a vantage point to await the Dal'Rok. The wind suddenly rises and clouds boil up at a fantastic rate, although O'Brien's tricorder shows nothing. The ominous cloud bears down on the village as the Sirah leads the crowd in some sort of ritual. He tells them the village is much stronger than the Dal'Rok can ever imagine. But the old man collapses and energy bolts start to fall upon the village. He rejects help from anyone except O'Brien. The engineer is coached in his lines by the Sirah and the cloud begins to retreat as O'Brien tells the story of the village's strength and unity.

The Dal'Rok disappears as suddenly as it came, but the Sirah dies and the villagers proclaim their new Sirah. O'Brien is expected to take up permanent residence in the village and serve as its protector...

Aron Eisenberg reprises his role of Nog, Quark's nephew and unlikely best friend to Jake Sisko. While many fans dislike children on starships, this duo have proven to be one of the strong points of DS9. Neither is a genius or too far removed from ordinary teenage concerns, and their highly contrasting experiences make them a surprising pair. Gina Philips is Varis Sul and Kay E. Kuter is the Sirah. Lawrence Monoson is Horvath, the Sirah's embittered assistant. Once again Keiko O'Brien is conspicuously absent from a story which importantly concerns her husband.(8)

15)**Progress** 15th May 1993

Written by Peter Allen Fields; Director Les Landau; Music John Debney; Visual Effects Supervisor Gary Hutzel.

Another story focusing on Bajor gives Major Kira centre stage in an effort to illuminate a softer side of the former freedom fighter. Jake and Nog also manage to form a profitable partnership.

Quark is furious with his bumbling brother for ordering a huge quantity of yamok sauce — a delicacy favoured by the departed Cardassians. But Quark's nephew Nog feels the tingling in his lobes that signals opportunity and convinces Jake that they can find a way to turn the useless sauce into gold-pressed latinum.

Starfleet personnel are busy assisting the Bajoran government with their first large scale energy transfer project. They will tap the molten core of their fifth moon to provide power for winter heat. As engineers work out the final details, Dax and Kira go on an inspection flight around the moon and are disturbed to detect lifeforms. All inhabitants of the moon were supposed to have been evacuated by now, as the drilling to the core will soon poison the atmosphere. Kira beams down for a look and finds a small farmhouse, a lovely garden and two very unfriendly Bajorans with pitchforks.

Before anyone is injured, an older man appears and calms the other two. Mullibok tells Kira that they have had their fill of uniformed bullies and treats her as though she is a child. His two companions, Baltim and Keena, are mutes due to Cardassian torture. He himself escaped from a Cardassian labour camp years ago and fled to his moon. He invites Kira to dinner and entertains her with his stories, but carefully avoids the subject the evacuation.

Back on DS9, Nog and Jake find a captain of a cargo vessel who trades with Cardassians and is interested in the sauce, but he claim to have no money. He offers to trade them self-sealing stem bolts. Neither of them what stem bolts are but they make the trade after Nog manoeuvres Quark into telling him to get the yamok sauce out of his sight. The boys are soon looking at 100 gross of stem bolts and wondering who could want them.

As evening approaches, Kira finds herself liking the gruff old man but she has to return to one grim fact. In seven days the atmosphere here will be unbreathable. Mullibok says that if he leaves here he will die and stubbornly persists in a building project in the garden. He compares his apparently hopeless struggle with the resistance to the vastly superior might of the Cardassians. She makes a last appeal to reason, but he tells her to go ahead and start cracking the moon apart.

Kira returns to DS9, but personally speaks to the Bajoran minister in charge of the energy project. To him it is obvious that Mullibok and the others must be beamed off the moon whether they want to go or not. Kira is offended by his idea and tells him they are acting like Cardassians. The minister is deeply insulted by the comparison and suggests that Kira should be relieved of this duty. Kira does not want someone else to remove the settlers. Instead she takes a small security force back with her, warning them not to frighten Baltrim and Keena. She is immediately confronted by Mullibok while the guards go to gather up everyone's belongings. But as she tries to convince him that she is only doing what has to be done the guards come under attack by the mutes and retaliate. Mullibok is struck by stray phaser fire and seriously injured. Kira orders the security guards back to the Runabout and demands that Doctor Bashir be sent to treat Mullibok. Rather than using this opportunity to remove him from the moon, she announces that she is going to stay and care for him...

Veteran television and film actor Brian Keith makes a rare guest appearance as the irascible Mullibok. Terrence Evans and Annie O'Donnell are the silent Baltrim and Keena. The appeal of this portion of the story depends upon how much of a Kira fan one is. Once again the Bajorans fail to elicit interest on a par with Vulcans, Romulans or Klingons. Nog continues to make the Ferengi the more appealing of DS9's resident aliens.(6)

14)**If Wishes Were Horses** 22nd May 1993

Teleplay by Nell McCue Crawford & William L. Crawford and Michael Piller; Story by Nell McCue Crawford & William L. Crawford; Director Robert LeSato; Music Jay Chattaway; Visual Effects by Robert Legato

DS9 is beset by that Star Trek staple — a visit by very perplexing aliens who are not what they seem. Can a red alert be far away?

As Quark tries to persuade Odo to try Ben Sisko's new baseball program in the holosuites, Julian Bashir prefers to pursue his fantasies in the bar, trying to persuade Dax to come back to his quarters for the night. Dax says she understands him quite well — she was a young man once — but recommends a high-pitched sonic shower and a good night's sleep. Dax returns to operations in time to detect an unusual energy reading in the Denorios belt near the station. She looks for records of any similar phenomena.

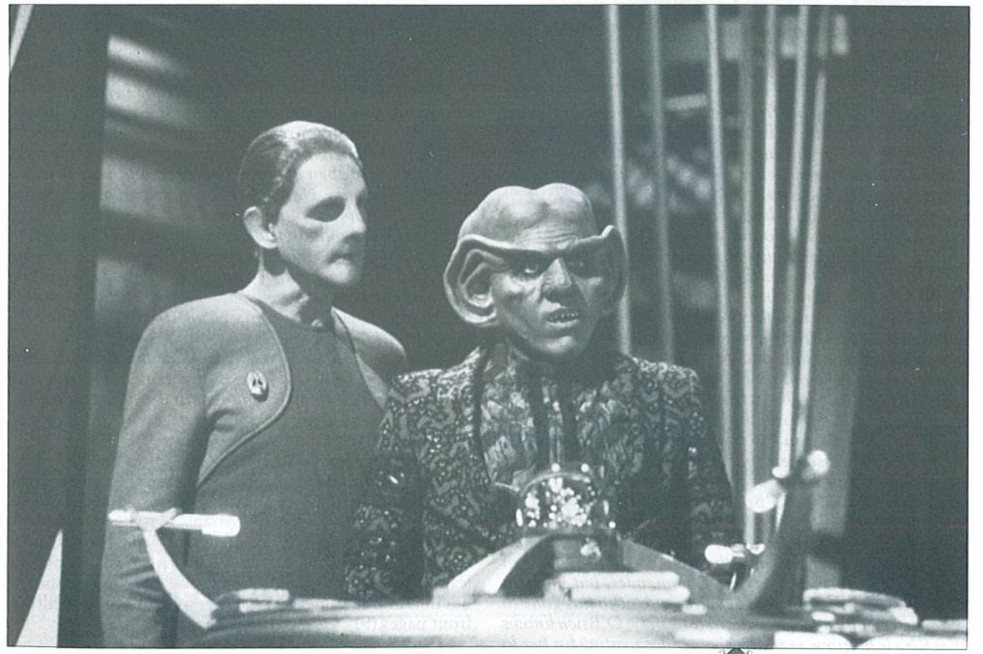
O'Brien reads his daughter to sleep with the story of Rumpelstilskin, but Molly soon runs out to tell them someone's in her room. Miles discovers a small being with pointed cap and equally pointed ears sitting on his daughter's bed. Jake has had a similar experience. He was playing baseball on the holodeck with the legendary London Kings third baseman Buck Boky when Buck suggests they should go get something to eat and leaves the confines of the holosuite.

Julian wakes to find that Dax has found her way into his bedroom and seems to be all over him. When they are disturbed by a summons to Ops, he decides that she has been playing a cruel joke on him and storms off. They arrive in Operations to be confronted by the dwarf and the baseball player — and a very perplexed Commander Sisko. He asks Dax if these phenomena could be related to the energy field detected earlier. Before she can answer, a second Dax arrives in answer to the alert.

Bashir's examination discloses nothing. All the imaginary beings register as real on his instruments, including the amorous Dax, who entreats him to come back to his quarters with her. Other strange events take place all over the station — Odo reports snow on the Promenade, and then large birds. Sisko warns that imaginations are causing things to materialise. Quark finds himself surrounded by tall women, but then realises that his casino customers are winning!

The real Dax works on trying to understand the energy field. The wave front converges to a point and then disappears. She suspects there is some sort of subspace disruption at this point and asks O'Brien to prepare a probe. Bashir helps in analysing the data and tries to apologise for having apparently created the other Dax out of his imagination. She says that in a way they are really invading his privacy, but she is critical of how submissive the other Dax seems. The second Dax retaliates by calling her a cold fish who doesn't appreciate Julian. The bickering ends when Dax reveals that a similar energy pattern was detected in the Hanoli system over a century ago. The system was destroyed when the subspace disturbance expanded...

Keone Young is Buck Boky, greatest hitter in the history of baseball. Part of the irony here for American viewers is that Boky is an oriental playing for a London team in the



Left: Odo & Quark (© Paramount)

22nd century, reaching his peak at a time when baseball can no longer draw crowds and is forced to disband. Of course, Sisko's interest in the sport was established in the DS9 pilot. Michael John Anderson is the rather sinister Rumpelstiltskin, who eventually offers to save the station in exchange for Molly O'Brien. Molly, whose growth defies all normal human standards, is still played by Hana Hatae.(5)

17)**The Forsaken** 29th May 1993

Teleplay by Don Carlos Dunaway and Michael Piller; Story by Jim Trombetta; Director Les Landau; Music Dennis McCarthy; Visual Effects Supervisor Gary Hutzel.

Lwaxana's back and Odo's got her — whether he wants her or not. He seems to have no more choice about that than Captain Picard ever did when Mrs Troi wormed her way onto the Enterprise.

Sisko delegates the task of dealing with a tiresome delegation of Federation ambassadors to Bashir. While the vulcan, Bolian and Arbazan representatives are none too happy to find themselves consigned to a junior officer and the Promenade area when most of them long to see Ops and to question Sisko about the exploration of the wormhole, one of the visitors has no trouble amusing herself on DS9. The Betazoid ambassador has found Quark's. However, Lwaxana Troi becomes very agitated when a piece of her jewellery disappears. She sets up a hue and cry but Quark tells her he can't be responsible for any losses. She quickly registers her displeasure on the Ferengi's ear lobes. Further mayhem is averted when Odo arrives and quickly identifies the culprit. With the rapid return of her property, Mrs Troi becomes fascinated with Odo and immediately asks Bashir to tell her everything he knows about this man.

In Ops, Chief O'Brien is locked in another battle of wills with the Cardassian computer system which refuses to allow him to make procedural changes that he feels are necessary. He tells Sisko that he needs to rebuild the blasted thing from the ground up — and that should only take two or three years. Sisko is displeased by the sudden arrival of the ambassadors., who have insisted on seeing Ops. Before they can be removed, an computer filled alien probe comes through the wormhole.

Odo is surprised when Lwaxana Troi visits him. She flatters him as "the thin beige line between order and chaos" on this station, then terrifies him by observing that she has never been with a shapeshifter. He makes an exit as rapidly as possible and goes to see Sisko about his "problem." Once Commander Sisko understands its nature, he suggests that he try letting her catch him. Odo complains that humanoids spend far too much time on their mating rituals and wants Sisko to tell her to leave him alone, because he doesn't want to cause a diplomatic incident. Sisko makes it clear that Odo is on his own.

The command crew decide to try to download information from the alien probe and O'Brien is surprised by how easily his computer accomplishes this task. But they can make no sense of the data. The complex computer capacity has no apparent purpose.

Odo is mortified when Lwaxana accosts him on the Promenade and announces that she has had Quark prepare a holosuite and a picnic for them. He flees into a turbolift, but she follows. He tells her that this shape is just a convenience and every 16 hours he must turn into a liquid. Lwaxana is unphased and notes that she can swim. Their conversation is cut short by a sudden power failure that strands the turbolift. Odo calls Ops but they cannot be beamed out because the transporter and many other systems have also started to malfunction. Lwaxana sighs, "alone at last."

Major Kira (Nana Visitor) © Paramount.

O'Brien discovers that the computer is suddenly obedient and friendly, but it also doesn't seem to want to let him leave Ops. Every time he starts to go away some new problem pops up. When he tries to upload he files they took back to the alien probe a fire breaks out. Meanwhile, Odo is reaching the end of his endurance in human form and is embarrassed that Lwaxana will see him lose control...

Like death and taxes, the queen bee of the galaxy returns with a certain inevitability, much aided by the fact that she is played by Gene Roddenberry's widow, Majel Barrett. Although this storyline was talked about before DS9 even began filming, the episode was one of the last to be filmed as relations between Rick Berman and the actress cooled for a while. As Mrs Roddenberry, she has complained at times about being shut out of the access and information she enjoyed while her husband was still alive. At this time, berman has said that she will appear in both DS9 and TNG next season. Time will tell.

Constance Towers, Michael Ensign and Jack Shearer test Bashir's patience as the tiresome ambassadors. Benita Andre plays the latest of a changing parade of Bajoran engineers assigned as assistants to O'Brien — most of whom have been female.(5)

18)**Dramatis Personae** 5th June 1993

Written by Joe Menosky; Director Cliff Bole; Music Jay Chattaway; Visual Effects Supervisor Glenn Neufeld.

This week's alien invasion of the station leads to interpersonal conflict of a dangerous variety. Only Odo seems aware of what is happening as the crew choose sides and mutiny breaks out.

Kira comes into conflict with Sisko when a Valerian transport asks permission to dock and make repairs. Kira knows the Valerians traded weapons to the Cardassians when they occupied Bajor and suspects this ship carries just such cargo. She refuses permission to dock, but Sisko overrides her as she has no proof.

This simmering dispute is stalled momentarily when a Klingon vessel not due back for week bursts through the wormhole from the Gamma quadrant and explodes — but someone tries to transport to the station at the last moment. After some difficulty the first officer of the Toh'Kalt materialises and utters one word, "victory", before dying of phaser burns. The DS9 crew is baffled as the Toh'Kalt was supposed to be on a routine bio-survey, and there is no explanation for its destruction. Sisko sends O'Brien and Dax out in a Runabout to see if they can find the ship's mission recorder. Dax seems strangely unfocused and begins to ramble on about past experiences.

Kira becomes more bold and refuses final permission for docking to the Valerian ship. Sisko once again reverses her orders. Odo goes to Quarks to try and find out whether the Klingons let slip anything about their mission en route to the worm-hole. Quark finally tells Odo that they bragged that they would be coming back with something that would make the enemies of the Empire tremble. Before Odo can leave he is struck by some sort of seizure and falls to the floor. Quark rushes away screaming for Bashir but the doctor cannot even make sense of the shape-shifter's body chemistry. Odo awakens on his own and remembers nothing about what happened to him. He is concerned, however, when Bashir asks him if he is aware that the uneasy alliance on the station is showing cracks. The doctor mutters darkly about how there will be trouble but it is too early to commit oneself.

Kira bursts in on Sisko to announce that she has the proof she needs about the arms running activities of the Valerians. He is strangely preoccupied with drawing up some sort of complex diagrams and hardly pays attention to her discoveries. He makes it clear that he will do nothing about the alien ship and dares her to challenge his authority. O'Brien warns Dax that Kira is becoming awfully aggressive with Sisko and that there are misguided Bajorians who think they can go it alone. He warns her against becoming too friendly with the natives. She is so caught up in reminiscences about the past that she hardly hears him.

Kira finally seeks Odo out and tries to get him to spy aboard the Valerian ship. She tells him that Sisko has approved this, but he sees through the lie. She hints to him that a time is coming when he will have to take sides and reminds him of how well they have always worked together. All of this seems terribly wrong to Odo. He examines logs from the Klingon ship and finds references to a power struggle that broke out on board after they had recovered some sort of energy spheres from a self-destructing civilization. He goes to Sisko with this discovery but the Commander is absorbed in his own design project and is not interested. Odo discovers that communications to Starfleet have been cut off by Kira, and communications to Bajor have been blocked by O'Brien. Kira also approaches Dax and tells her that she is getting rid of Sisko — one-way or another. When she realises that Quark has overheard her, she slams him viciously into the bar. The injured Ferengi goes to Odo who seeks out the Commander, but O'Brien has taken over the command centre, and Sisko has gone to his quarters with a security guard for safety. O'Brien knows that Kira is plotting against Sisko., and is waiting for her to try something so he can eliminate her and her allies. They can then escape in a commandeered ship and broadcast a distress call to the Federation...

The only guest role here goes to Tom Towles as the briefly seen Klingon. This story bears a resemblance to any number of TNG episodes in which all or part of the regular cast get possessed by aliens — most notably last season's *Power Play*. But there the possession was by a completely different entity so one could witness the shock of Counsellor Troi turning into a ruthless criminal. Here the alien presence is supposed to accentuate qualities already present in the characters. This has disturbed some fans as Kira and O'Brien turn to murderous plotting with gusto. The rest of the crew do not fare terribly well either. Sisko is strangely passive, preferring to let O'Brien handle the details for him while he occupies himself in building a clock. However, he is adamant about the need to smash his enemies. Bashir seems incapable of making a decision and Dax turns into a dithering old man.(6)

19)**Duet** 19th June 1993

Teleplay by Peter Allen Fields; Story by Lisa Rich & Jeanne Carrigan-Fauci; Director James L. Conway; Music Dennis McCarthy; Visual Effects Supervisor Gary Hutzel.

With this story and *The Nagus* easily taking top honours for the season, it becomes clear that DS9 is at its best when dealing neither with the human characters nor dabbling in Bajoran spiritualism, even though this can be viewed as another episode in *Bringing Up Kira*.

A passing transport ship asks permission to drop off a passenger who is in need of medical treatment. When Kira hears that the patient suffers from a rare disease called Kalla-Nohra, she goes to sickbay to honour the visitor. The only known cases of this disease are the survivors of the most brutal Cardassian labour camp, Gullitepp. But Bashir is attending a Cardassian and Kira immediately seeks to arrest this man as a war criminal. She argues that the only way he could have contracted the disease is by having been present at the forced labour camp during a mining accident. She helped liberate that camp and will never forget the sight of the dead, and the famished survivors. The Cardassian is unconcerned by her accusations and identifies himself as Aamin Marritza. He claims he suffers from Pattrik Syndrome, has never been to Gullitepp, and spent his military career as a simple file clerk.

Bashir is quite certain the condition is Kalla-Nohra, which is controllable with medication but cannot be cured. Sisko wants to assign Odo to investigate the Cardassian but Kira demands that a Bajoran do this and he agrees to assign her. Odo has learnt that the prisoner worked for the past five years as an instructor at a Cardassian military academy on Kora 2. Kira goes to question Marritza, who appears contemptuous of her. He does not mind discussing his military service, which he calls years of senior filing work, and he says that he taught filing at the Academy. She determines that he was in fact at Gullitepp, working as clerk for the Commandant, Gul Darhe'el, whom Kira calls a butcher. Marritza denies any knowledge of atrocities, although he admits seeing dead bodies. Bajorans died there all the time, he says, from accidents and fights among themselves. Gul Darhe'el was a genius who started rumours just to keep the timid Bajorans in line out of their own fears. He tells her all she wants is vengeance.

Kira feels that if he was at Gullitepp he is guilty whether he was a clerk or not. Dax cautions her that it will mean nothing if the man is punished without reason. Odo brings them a few photos from Gullitepp they have managed to get from Cardassian archives. They enhance background figures to find the one identified as Marritza. The face is clearly not that of their prisoner, but another image resembles the man in their security cell. The caption says this is Gul Darhe'el himself.

When Kira confronts the Cardassian he becomes boastful, saying that she can only execute him once for all the crimes she would like to charge him with. He implies that she must have had help from her Federation masters. He talks at length about the regime at Gullitepp and how it was a model of efficiency. He tells her he ordered his men to go out and kill Bajoran scum and they loved him for it. Kira is sickened by this outburst and as she relates his comments to Odo, she begins to think he may be insane. Odo is more interested in the fact that he taunted her about her membership of the Shakaar resistance group. He wants to know how the prisoner knew about Kira's terrorist past if she didn't tell him.

The mystery deepens as Sisko speaks to his predecessor as commander of DS9, Gul Dukat. Dukat insists that this is all a Bajoran plot to stir up feeling against the Cardassians, and swears he attended the memorial service for Gul Darhe'el, who died six years ago...

The familiar face of character actor Harris Yulin is hidden beneath Cardassian makeup but he turns in a memorable performance as the mysterious prisoner, changing moods several time sin the course of the story. Marc Alaimo appears again as Gul Dukat. Nana Visitor brings more depth to the troubled Kira as she learns to look before she leaps. This is obviously one of the pointed moral lessons of our time as war crime trials and terrorism continue to fill our front pages.(9)

20)**The Hands of the Prophets** 26th June 1993

Written by Robert Hewitt Wolfe; Director David Livingston; Music Dennis McCarthy; VisuaI Effects Supervisor Glenn Neufeld

Having reached a satisfying height with *Duet*, DS9 should have called it a season. Instead, they chose to exit with a distasteful tale of Bajoran political manipulations played out in the form of a religious dispute. However much fans may have quarrelled about several plot points in TNG's *Descent*, they were virtually unanimous in rejecting this tale as a suitable finale.

The O'Briens seem to have achieved domestic peace as they set off to their jobs together. She teases him about a new Bajoran assistant he seems to spend a lot of time with, then laughs when he is horrified that she might think he was interested in another woman. Neela is simply the best assistant he has ever had. Keiko is on her way to the school she opened on DS9 and Miles compliments her on how pleased parents are with her efforts.

Not everyone is pleased. A Bajoran cleric. sits in on Keiko's class as she discusses the wormhole. This is Vedek Winn, the leader of a very orthodox wing of the Bajoran faith, who interrupts to inject her own interpretation of the events surrounding the discovery of the wormhole. She insists that it be described as the home of the Celestial Temple inhabited by the Prophets who are the deities of the Bajoran religion. Keiko insists that she is not attempting to teach philosophy or religion — she is only interested in teaching science and opening the children's minds to the universe around them. Vedek Winn says she is teaching blasphemy and she cannot allow this to continue.

O'Brien finds apparently trivial trouble on his job — one of his tools is missing, wand he is very particular abut his equipment. Sisko realises the extent of his problem as an outraged Kira comes to him regarding Vedek Winn's opposition, and lets it slip that she too feels that some revision of the school's curriculum might be a good idea. Sisko is adamant that he will not approve separate schools for Bajoran children and Keiko is adamant that she will not allow Bajoran religion to dictate what she can teach, while Kira disputes that there is anything that could be called pure science. Kira gives the Commander something to worry about when she informs Sisko that Vedek Winn has some support to become the next Kai, although probably not enough.

Sisko goes to speak with Vedek Winn in the Bajoran temple on the Promenade. She appears truly pleased to meet the one chosen as the Emissary to the Prophets, although she recalls having told Kai Opaka that it was strange that the Prophets should have used an unbeliever for this role. While the woman appears friendly she warns that Keiko's teaching dishonours the Celestial Temple and she cannot be responsible for the consequences if this continues.

The controversial Mrs O'Brien (Rosalind Chao) © Paramount

O'Brien's little mystery takes a more sinister turn when he realises that one of the engineering staff officers is missing. During the night Ensign Aquino logged that he was going to check on a plasma flow irregularity. Now he cannot be found and O'Brien traces his missing tool to a puddle of melted metal in an energy conduit. Organic residue in the remains are identified as Aquino's remains. The death could be an accident, but O'Brien cannot believe that a Starfleet engineer would take a Chief's tools without asking. As he and Keiko walk to work the next day they encounter prejudice and find Vedek Winn is waiting in front of the school with a crowd of Bajoran parents. The Bajoran parents remove their children from the class when Keiko refuses to 'recant' her teachings, leaving only a handful of students behind.

Sisko travels to Bajor in search of Vedek Bareil, a member of a much more tolerant order than Vedek Winn's, and the leading candidate to become Kai. Vedek Bareil is very charming and gracious but he is also evasive. He is not yet Kai and lets Sisko know that if he is his friend now he may never be Kai, and never in a position to help him later.

Sisko' returns to Ops to find that most of the Bajoran staff have not reported for duty. Kira informs him that they are sick, but they both know this is a protest, and one that Kira seems to support. Sisko tells her that the Federation is not here primarily to protect Bajor from the Cardassians, but to build a lasting relationship and he would like to start feeling that someone on her side was willing to return that effort.

Lack of trust grows as O'Brien and Odo piece together evidence to show that Aquino went to a Runabout pad the night he was killed, not to the energy conduit. His body was dumped there later and the logs altered. But they cannot find a reason for someone to be involved in illicit activity at a Runabout pad unless they wanted to steal it, and none are missing. Their analysis is cut short as an explosion rips through Deep Space Nine and Odo has to hold O'Brien back as he tries to run into the flaming ruins of Keiko's school...

Louise Fletcher plays the highly unappealing Vedek Winn with more than a trace of the air of corrupt authority she displayed long ago in *One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest*. Philip Anglim plays the man destined to replace the kindly Kai Opaka. Indeed, some feminists found it disturbing that a female character cast in the unusual role of leader of her people should not only be found unsuitable, but also replaced by a male character challenged by a despicable female character. Rosalind Chao makes one of her very rare appearances as Keiko O'Brien. While this was not officially a cliffhanger, it is now official that the first three episodes of next season will form a trilogy continuing the theme of religious conflict and both Anglim and Fletcher will be returning as the Vedeks who would be Kai.

For American viewers at least the storyline stirs up uncomfortable issues that have been fought out and largely resolved in the Supreme Court over constitutional separation of church and state in the public school systems, not to mention overtones of recent political activism of religious fundamentalists in opposition to abortion and other causes. Casting the Bajorans in these terms has not made them very appealing to most Star Trek fans. Speaking strictly as an attorney, Sisko's opposition to letting the Bajorans run their own schools on their own space station if they want to seems a tad authoritarian! (4)

Kathleen Toth

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A ROUGH GUIDE TO TV HEAVEN

IN A BRAVE attempt to supply TV nostalgia en mass to the thousands of television junkies ITC have released Classic TV Heaven, a series of six tapes containing, in total, over one thousand minutes of 24 carat blasts from the past. Here is a quick guide to the tapes stopping along the way to spotlight items of interest.

THE FIFTIES

The first TV Heaven tape opens with *The Aztec Treasure* (7), an episode of The Buccaneers, starring Robert Shaw as Captain Tempest, a freebooter who shouts a lot and menaces the Spanish Maine with a fearsome crew of three extras. This is followed by a run of the mill episode of William Tell, *The Prisoner* (6), the only notable aspect of which is an early television appearance by Michael Caine. We then encounter a double helping of The Adventures of Robin Hood: namely *The Mystery of Ireland's Eye* (6) and *The Little People* (7). Although these are two consecutive episodes set in Ireland there is no direct link between the two and better episodes could have been found. The Count of Monte Cristo follows with an adventure called *The Devil's Emissary* (6). This forgotten series is similar in style to Zorro, with George Dolenz (father of Micky) as the eponymous hero and Burt Lancaster's former circus partner, Nick Cravat, as his mute servant. We are back into familiar territory with the next offering, an episode of Sir Francis Drake, *The Slaves of Spain* (8). Although similar in concept to The Buccaneers the plot is much less one-sided as it casts the Spanish as enemies of Drake and his crew, but not as out and out villains. Watch out for a young Michael Crawford as John Drake. The highlight of the tape for Doctor Who fans will be the final offering on the tape, a The Adventures of Sir Lancelot tale, *Knights Choice* (7) starring William Russell. The Adventures of Sir Lancelot appears to be the first British television series made wholly in colour (Gerry Anderson take note) and despite what it says on the box, this episode is in full glorious colour. Unlike the other series represented here, Sir Lancelot gets surprisingly little of the limelight and, as the hero, Russell has little else to do but stand back and enjoy the story which consists of a competition of two young hopefuls to take the place, at the round table, of a knight recently deceased. In retrospect the role is very similar to that of Ian Chesterton with Merlin taking the Doctor's place.

THE SIXTIES VOLUME 1

The Sixties opens with The Champions: *Autokill* (9), one of the best episodes of the series. In this adventure we find secret agents turning against their superiors and murdering them, brainwashed by forces unknown. Stuart Damon gives a sterling performance as Craig when he too is brainwashed and programmed to kill Richard. The episode climaxes in a fight scene to beat all fight scenes, just watch those empty boxes fly! Peter Wyngarde then guest-stars in the The Baron episode *The Legions of Ammak* (7). This is not a classic story, but it succeeds in its object of entertaining the viewer. Next comes The Power Game: *The Switch* (4), an episode taken from mid-way through the first black and white season that was shown on Channel 4 a few years ago. As this was a serial rather than a series, and colour episodes were made, ITC were obviously of the opinion that they had provided their money's worth with the other three episodes on the tape and were willing to scrape the bottom of the barrel to find this time-filler. Fortunately we finish with a class act, and another appearance by Peter Wyngarde, as Department S joins the golfing set with *Handicap Dead* (7). The Department is called in when the death of a top golfer draws the attention of Interpol to a connection between an international sports agent and a smuggling racket. Although the story has its failings the presentation is flawless as usual and lives up to all expectations.

THE SIXTIES VOLUME 2

The Randall and Hopkirk [Deceased] story, *A Sentimental Journey*, (8) serves as the introduction to our second visit to the sixties. This episode opens with Jeff searching a Glasgow tenement for a package he has been sent to collect only to find out that the package is an attractive girl. Once he delivers the girl to London, Jeff thinks his work is over, but it is only about to begin as he finds himself in a dangerous situation stuck between both sides of the law. Even with the help of his ghostly partner things just seem to go from bad to worse for Jeff. Although lacking in laughs this is one of the best action adventure stories of the series. We go back to black and white with a half-hour Danger Man added to fill the tape. *Hired Assassin* (7) sees John Drake nonchalantly inveigling himself into a band of anarchists posing as an assassin available to the highest bidder, his job to protect the very man he is being hired to kill. This is an enjoyable episode with the emphasis on action. What follows may be new to many but Strange Report is well worth investigating. As an introduction to the series there could be no better episode than *Report Number 2475 - Revenge "When a Man Hates"* (8) which features Julian Glover as an ex-convict with a vendetta against Doctor Strange. Although made by the same production company as The Man From U.N.C.L.E. The series is very British and acts as a unique document of a swinging Sixties London that everybody has heard about but very few actually experienced. The last offering on this tape is a Man in a Suitcase; *Sweet Sue* (9). The Sue of the title is a spoilt rich kid who is running wild, played by Judy Geeson. McGill is hired to keep an eye on her and separate her from the bad crowd she is involved in with mixed results. Needless to say McGill gets beaten up and is bad mouthed by all and sundry but he manages to keep track of his suitcase and still earn enough to pay off his hospital bills. Watch out for an appearance by Jacqueline Pearce.

THE SIXTIES VOLUME 3

A black and white The Saint episode, *The Latin Touch* (6), opens this tape, but other than the location filming in Rome it has little to commend it apart from an amusing piece of character acting from Warren Mitchell as a Roman taxi driver. This is followed by Seaway; *The 34th Man* (7). This is a Canadian production for ITC based around the St. Lawrence Seaway. It is a cross between The Sweeney and The Love Boat and comes across quite well. Apart from a creditable script, *The 34th Man* is notable due to the appearance of Faye Dunaway amongst the cast members. A connoisseur's choice follows, namely Gideon's Way: *The Rhyme and the Reason* (7). Although a black and white police drama, it attempted to bring realism and quality to the genre. Although nowhere as gritty as Z Cars it is fondly remembered for the calibre of its scripts and willingness to milk a number of sacred cows. Another half-hour Danger Man; *The Girl in Pink Pyjamas* (6) is added to make up the tape. Patrick McGoohan does his best as Drake to breathe some life into this plot about political intrigue, but this story is fated to resemble Lazarus — before rather than after.

THE SEVENTIES VOLUME 1

For the seventies tapes ITC seem to have taken the cynical view that they should save the best episodes of series they are likely to release on single series tapes for those tapes leaving the dross for TV Heaven. Thus the Jason King episode on this tape, *Toki* (5), is probably the dullest ever made. Although it co-stars Felicity Kendall, the story is both bland and predictable, the only highlight being the cliff-top smash of ITC's white jaguar towards the end of the episode. Applying the same rule, The Zoo Gang's *The Counterfeit Trap* (5) is the biggest load of bilge ever dumped off Monte Carlo. Guest stars Peter Cushing and Jacqueline Pearce would do well to avoid public places after appearing in this jaded tale of criminal deceptions. The gem of the tape is *The Man with Two Beards* (8), an episode of ATV's Father Brown. Even so the episode chosen displays only the character and setting of Kenneth More's Father Brown as it lacks a lot plotwise. Indeed the villain practically confesses after the opening credits. The tape is finished off, and I use this phrase advisedly, with The Protectors' candidate for worst story ever, *Shadbolt* (4). The basic plot is this: A man with a silly name is hired to kill Harry Rule, the camera crew travelled all the way to Edinburgh to shoot the opening sequences, Robert Vaughn turns up for the last seven minutes and, surprise, surprise, manages to survive through to the end of the story without getting himself killed.

THE SEVENTIES VOLUME 2

The final tape on our journey through the archives of ITC opens well enough with The Persuaders! *A Home of One's Own* (7). This tale of misadventure begins with Danny introducing Brett to a derelict farm house which he intends to convert into a country retreat, but it soon becomes apparent that our heroes are not welcome when mysterious black-robed figures begin to menace the cottage at night. This is followed by Mary Tamm guest-staring in a Return of the Saint episode, *The Debt Collectors* (7). Tamm plays the good sister of a traitor, played by Diane Keen, who enlists Simon Templar's help to find her wicked sister when she escapes from prison the day before her release. For those expecting Tamm to put on a dazzling display of the thespian muse, forget it and watch the Sugar Puffs advert instead. The unexpected highlight of our tour now follows; Spyder's Web. Even though it is in black and white, rather than its original colour this 1972 series has a degree of wit, imagination and originality that makes it stand head and shoulders above the other offerings on these tapes. The episode *Romance on Wheels* (10) by Roy Clarke is a real jewel and it is The Master, Anthony Ainley, who contributes so much to it being so. This is the first time I have seen Ainley sink his teeth into a part other than the ruthless Time Lord and he really makes a meal of it. Ainley plays Clive Hawkesworth, a secret agent of the old school, with no time for the ladies and who would rather stick a knife into the wrong person than actually gather evidence against the right one. So when Hawkesworth's female superior orders him to investigate a series of murders on a lonely-hearts club tour of Eastern Europe by posing as a lonely bachelor it is no wonder he turns pale at the thought. It comes as an even bigger surprise when his boss joins the tour. After the cream of the crop we come to barrel-bottom scraping time once more with a second season episode of Space:1999 entitled *Catacombs of the Moon* (5), because calling it anything more descriptive of the story might have offended. It has only two decent features; Commander Koenig is missing for most of the episode, and seeing as it is on the end of the tape, you don't have to fast forward through it to watch anything else.

So ends the guided tour of a series of tapes that should hold something of interest to most fans of good television and telefantasy purists alike. As was intended it has whetted my appetite to see more episodes of Spyder's Web and Strange Report as well as satiating my appetite for The Count of Monte Cristo and Seaway. I would like to think that ITC might release a second dose of TV Heaven next year if only to keep nostalgia buffs like myself happy.

Anthony McKay

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Thunderbirds and the Worlds of Gerry Anderson

THE TOWN of Blackpool no doubt conjures up many happy memories of peering through the gloom at Doctor Who monsters in display cases situated below a cafe on the storm-tossed and windy bays of the North West coast. Back in the late Seventies, those with frames sturdy enough to bear up to the Atlantic gusts and battle their way north by a couple of blocks would find another fascinating spectacle for telefantasy fans: Space City, or rather *The Worlds of Gerry Anderson* — a lavish display of models and props hailing mainly from Space:1999 situated on the upper floor of an amusement arcade (allowing true believers the additional chance to have a ride in a coin operated Dalek.)

Visits to Blackpool these days mean a visit to Dave Nightingale's shop *Thunderbooks* (one of the best independents around) and — until November — the added delight of a brand new Gerry Anderson exhibition at the Winter Gardens. For a very reasonable fee, one can enter *Thunderbirds and the World of Gerry Anderson*: a large and very dark room housing seventeen cases of exhibits which are a mixture of originals, replicas and new puppets cast from original moulds, and cover a good range of Gerry's career. A major problem with *Space City* had been that it had maintained a heavy bias towards Space:1999, his then current show with scenes of moon buggies, monsters, Alphans in spacesuits, Brian the Brain and many spaceships from the two season wonder. Few exhibits had broken this up — aside from the puppet sets for the infamous Jif adverts, the car from *The Investigator* and lots of Dinky Toy models of Thunderbird 2 orbiting a Meccano model of the Blackpool Tower.

The first case in this new venture contains a replica of the lounge on Tracy Island featuring Kyrano, Tin-Tin, John Tracy and Jeff himself. Made for the Dire Strait's *Calling Elvis* video, this recreation is very well lit and makes a nice tableau. Dotted around the exhibition are TV monitors showing a seemingly endless tape comprising the Gerry Anderson title sequences from *The Adventures of Twizzle* onwards. This would actually have made quite a nice souvenir, since the cleverly edited introductions, usually with Barry Gray's excellent music, are wonderfully evocative and nostalgic. The same loop is also shown by a video projector in the second case, which houses several ships from Space:1999 including the glider from *The Immunity Syndrome and* two spaceships from *The Taybor* (and apparently should also include a restored Angel Interceptor from Captain Scarlet and the Mysterons which was clearly away on a Mysteron-busting assignment the day we visited).

Scott Tracy sits proudly at the controls of Thunderbird 1 in a very nicely recreated scenario, which presumably hails from the Kit-Kat advert (*Thunderbirds aren't go!*). The Sean Connery look-alike (it says here) has to share his case with one of Anderson's not so great creations: Zelda and a battered Zeroid from Terrahawks. The other half of the case makes up for the Terrahawks content, being a superb and stunning recreation of Thunderbird 1 in its silo on Tracy Island.

A huge recreation of Thunderbird 2 by Barry Davies (who, along with Toby Chamberlain, has contributed some excellent replica models) inhabits the next case, and — whilst impressive — shows how elusive those clever curves crafted by Derek Meddings on the original really are. In the other half of the case is a recreation of an underwater rescue by a replica Thunderbird 4, which unfortunately is more angular and squared off than the original item. Carrying on down the left hand side of the hall, the next tableau shows Brains and Gordon cracking another life-saving issue in Brain's lab — another recreation set. Behind this is one of the most impressive displays of all, a huge and stunningly accurate Thunderbird 3, hanging suspended in space (or rather on wires) in all its glory. It is these larger replicas which make the exhibition so impressive.

In the middle of the hall is one exhibit which was disappointing: a large and rather out of scale Tracy Island, with its rear section cut away to show the hidden power plant and supply submarines. Not only are the proportions awry, but some strange sections of an Airfix Eagle kit have been left lying around inside Tracy Island! The next model exhibit though is very pleasing: an excellent recreation of Stingray in an encounter with a couple of Titan's Terror Fish. The imagination put into the displays shines through here since built into one of the glass case faces is a fish tank with a few aquarian captives, demonstrating just how the underwater illusion was achieved on the series.

Lady Penelope and Parker dominate the next section of the exhibition. The dynamic two first of all appear in a recreation of 'er ladyship's lounge at Creighton-Ward Mansions. The next case then houses one of the most famous cars of all time: FAB1. The sleek Sixties style chariot of the future never fails to impress and also gives the youngsters a chance to make the lights flash on and off.

Mention should be made at this point that the setting of nearly all the exhibits is excellent. Sheets of paper with typewritten details of exhibits clearly explain each item and determine if it be original or reproduction for the older enthusiasts, whilst the younger ones can press switches that light up everything from a Zeroid's mouth to the Hood's hypnotic eyeballs Alongside the blank faces of the cases and the walls are a variety of murals, covers from TV Century 21, photographs, blueprints and pages of Rod Vass comic artwork. The dark walls are dressed with plaques of the Thunderbird craft, which look suspiciously as though they may feature in the seafront illuminations later in the season. Particularly impressive is a map of the world which accurately locates nearly all the locations where rescue operations took place in the Thunderbirds television series.

The final cabinet before the about turn and return trip shows two scenes from U.F.O. and a collection of items from Terrahawks. On Earth, a SHADO mobile and (an original) Sky One are both out searching for alien activity, whilst up in space, a restored original Moonbase Interceptor stands glorious against the blackness of space. The selection from Terrahawks is less impressive, including another very battered Zeroid, Stew Dapples' head, a wooden design for Hudson and a character named 'Jack Frost' (who I think was actually called Cold Finger in the episode it appeared in). To remind us that we are in Blackpool, there is next the cheap and tacky item we could all do without, and which even the younger visitor will see through: a chance to drive remote controlled vehicles in and out of Thunderbird 2 pods. If these had actually looked vaguely like the Mole or Firefly or any of the other vehicles which eager readers of *Thunderbirds - the Comic* would know, maybe there would have been somebody having a go when we walked past...

Items from the unscreened Space Police pilot film occupy the first case the visitor encounters on their return trip towards the doors. The models — as in the finished pilot *Star Laws* — do look very well made, particularly the police spaceships. The full size animatronics costume of a rotund feline Space Police officer slouches in the background, lazily watching a few rather disappointing latex puppet characters. The next case is confusingly labelled The Investigator and Joe 90, although the contents seem to encapsulate a variety of characters from Joe 90 along with Matthew and Mrs Appleby from the Secret Service — but no Father Unwin alas. Backing onto this is a small set from Space:1999 with an 'Alphan' standing in a spacesuit surrounded by original set panels from Moonbase Alpha (which again will oblige youngsters by illuminating). The fantastic models of Space:1999 are highlighted next, with a veritable fleet of Eagles of different sizes plus Hawks, Swifts, model moon buggies, lunar tanks and several passing alien spaceships.

A case devoted to Captain Scarlet and the Mysterons comes next, with the main display showing a collection of Spectrum officers and a couple of very busty Angels relaxing on Cloudbase, watched from the door by Colonel White (who clearly feels very out of place). Behind this, Captain Scarlet stands in an alleyway, waiting for another episode to begin. Beside him, a dark and doomy graveyard can be illuminated by the brave to show the zombified form of Captain Black standing beside a twenty-first century headstone. Puppets come to the fore next, since after seeing a rather drunkenly posed Virgil and Alan in the cockpit of Thunderbird 2 and a menacing Hood in his secret hideout, a larger display area shows all the mechanics of how the Supermarionation figures are crafted, moulded, jointed, dressed, manipulated, etc. etc. Disembodied heads wait patiently on the flat surface in front of some of Lady Penelope's outfits, and the Professor from the Jif adverts of 1977 slumps anonymous and ignored in one corner.

Of brief interest are the puppets made specially for the aforementioned *Calling Elvis* video, in one of the few badly lit cases of the whole exhibition. One of the very best displays is then saved for last: Troy Tempest taken captive in Titanica by Agent X20, an Aquaphibian and of course the throned Mighty Titan himself. Troy is an original and probably the oldest item on display. The setting and the replica puppets are superb and round the tour off very nicely indeed.

After case 17, all that is let is your chance to have your photograph taken with a massive Scott Tracy and of course the extremely well stocked and reasonably priced SF shop. All in all, the event is quite a treat. It is well on par with the size of the original *Space City*, far better presented and documented, and has had far more care and attention devoted to it. Maybe one day it could be expanded to include more material: particularly on The Investigator and certainly the pre-Stingray shows. Fireball XL5 or Supercar replicas of similar calibre to the Thunderbirds 1 and 3 would certainly be tremendous attractions for us old folk.

So, get out your knotted handkerchiefs, keep young Albert away from the Lion, watch out for the trams, try to stand up in the gales, walk past the thousands of gift shops selling a thousand varieties of trash... and treat yourself to a day of unashamed childhood nostalgia at the Winter Gardens. Go on... you deserve it. (8)

Andrew Pixley

Birthright

by Nigel Robinson (Virgin Books, £4.50; August 19th)

WHEN I HEARD that Virgin planned to release a New Adventures novel which wouldn't feature the Doctor, I'm afraid I was highly dubious to say the least. After all, 'companion' novels haven't worked well in the past, have they? Just look at *Turlough and the Earthlink Dilemma...* As well as this, I'm afraid I wasn't the greatest fan of Nigel Robinson's last New Adventures, *Apocalypse*, so all in all Birthright wasn't high up in my 'New Adventures to look forward to' list.

How wrong I was. This is one of the best of the entire series of New Adventures novels. It also makes the best use of continuity that I've seen in ages.

You don't really miss the Doctor at all. Unlike the companion novels, he's there in spirit. You know that he's set everything up, and is manipulating Ace and Benny from afar. He only features in one chapter towards the beginning, in retrospective scenes, and in the last chapter and epilogue. Throughout the whole novel the Doctor's machinations, and very brief appearances, are very much in the style of his manipulative and pre-planned movements in *The Curse of Fenric* and *Silver Nemesis*, so the feel of the book fits in closely with the televised McCoy episodes. (But believe me, the book is SO much better!)

The novel combines mysterious and violent murders, power-hungry mystic cults, strange Time Lords, a termite-like insect race and an age-old being with a grudge into a marvellously interesting and coherent 200 or so pages. The mysterious Jared Khan — the 'age old being' — reminded me terribly of *Highlander's* Connor McLeod, as we see little interludes which feature Khan chasing through time after the Doctor, visiting everywhere from Cathay, to Culloden and Windsor, living out whole life times under aliases in his search.

The book splits Benny and Ace up, with Benny becoming an inhabitant of early twentieth century Earth — complete with bank account, clothing and lodgings, all organised by a mysterious Dr. John Smith — where she sets about investigating a series of brutal killings and attacks on women there. And where is Ace you may ask? Or perhaps you don't really care. She's on the planet Antykhon, home of the Charrl, the aforementioned insect race, where she discovers a service hatch for the Channel Tunnel. Shades of *Mysterious Planet,* methinks. I'm not sure if we're meant to think that this is the Ravalox time Earth, or the *Ark in Space* time Earth, but Ace decides it's pretty far in the future. She also discovers that the Charrl are planning to colonise the Earth of the twentieth century by implanting little Charrl into women there, one of whom turns out to be Bernice...

I won't go into detail with the storyline any more, but I wanted to give you a little taste of the brilliant book Nigel Robinson has come up with. There are very few things I could fault it on, in fact, and I'd be clutching at straws if I tried. There's only really one, and that's the idea of the Doctor working to a masterplan, again. I get the impression that by the time the Doctor had set everything up, he could have had the whole problem solved. Still, we have to accept that the Doctor wanted to be elsewhere without Bernice and Ace. The whole orchestration of his plan is so well written that, like Ace and Benny, you begin to anticipate what's happening. But then Ace is an old hand at being manipulated, and Benny is just beginning to find out what it's like...

Nigel Robinson even manages to cleverly explain away Victoria's trip to learn graphology as an opportunity to visit her Aunt, Margaret Waterfield, who turns out to be Bernice's landlady, and assure her that she's all right, just before she moves to Argentina... Edward Waterfield is explained away to the Aunt by the executor of his estate, a Dr. John Smith, as having run off to Africa because of mental instability caused by being involved in a fire at his friend's house. Other great moments of continuity, and there are many, include the reappearance of the Time Vector Generator from *The Wheel In Space*, and the inclusion of a young character called Charlie Jackson who I think we're supposed to surmise is a relative of Ben's.

I loved the way the book was split into sections, with the first two headed 'Benny" and 'Ace'. It was so good to see Benny having over ninety pages to herself, without having to play second fiddle to Ace. I'd like to make a plea to Peter Darvill-Evans to please, please, get rid of Ace. She should never have come back. Before *Love and War* she was already past her best, written to death, both on screen and off, and there was no where left to take her. When we were promised a more mature, less emotionally messed-up side to Ace when she returned in *Deceit,* all we got was an angry killing machine who seems to enjoy her work. The vulnerability of her character, beneath a tough exterior, is what made Ace work, and this appears to have vanished, along with any subtlety the character may have possessed. Even Nigel Robinson couldn't make Ace likable, although he came closer than most of the other writers, and unless readers can empathise with her, then they're not as motivated to read about her as they might be. Okay, end of sermon.

The character of Bernice comes through wonderfully, she's the perfect foil for the Doctor (when he's around), more of a 'mate,' someone who's on an equal footing with him, working the way characters like Sarah Jane and Romana II worked in the series. I was sorry that we couldn't just have had an entire novel about Bernice. It was also good to see that she isn't faultless, as she realises that she doesn't know just as much about the twentieth century as she might, as epitomised in the scene where she can't remember who Herbert Asquith is.

Then there's the mysterious Muldwych. I think the fact that he's a mysterious hermit, who lives in a hut up a mountain, and dispenses advice like aspirin, is merely a red herring. I think we're meant to think he's THAT hermit. (The one with the daisy ...) However, as he's almost certainly a Time Lord, he might just be a future incarnation of someone a lot closer to home, someone who was busy sorting out Cybermen at the time. (Perhaps, a reason why the Doctor had to have Ace and Bernice do his dirty work for him, after all, meeting himself would have meant breaking the laws of time ...?)

Birthright is one of the best books there's been for ages, with one of the best covers, too. The Doctor makes a brief appearance at the end, once the TVG has been restored, claiming to have been in his quarters all along, and brushing lakes of ice from his shoulders. This clearly leads to the next novel, and I only hope that the contemporaneous activities of the Doctor in David Banks' *Iceberg* are as good, and they'll have to be something special to even come close... (10)

Amanda Murray

SURVIVORS

Starvation/ Spoil of War

September 7th; BBC Video

TAPE FOUR sees Survivors marking time after the earlier establishing episodes, as the nucleus of the later post-holocaust soap takes shape. In *Starvation* Abby, now seeking a base in which to set up a community, comes across two more survivors driven to take risks by lack of food: a young woman called Wendy, and a middle-aged widow. Heading away from the farm-house they have made their home, Wendy encounters Tom Price, still spinning tales of his glorious future. As Abby, separated from Greg and Jenny by wild and potentially rabid dogs, comes to the rescue of the old woman, Mrs Cohen, Wendy runs off with Tom's catch, only for him to follow in armed pursuit...

In effect the result is a stand-off, and, as Abby quickly realises from previous experience, when Tom Price's finger is on the trigger of the gun, any stand-off is unlikely to be very tense. In fact, the end result is almost comical — Abby certainly seems to be enjoying herself as she turns the tables on the ineffectual welshman.

Meanwhile, Greg and Jenny come across an abandoned manor house, inhabited by the simple minded Barney. As Abby wins Tom's trust and hence another recruit for her growing community, the others have found the perfect base upon which to build...

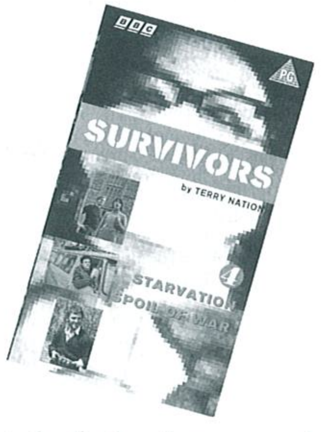
This episode provides almost the final epitaph for Wormley's thugs, only the briefest of explanations serving to explain why Price has parted from their company, while the children, already calling Jenny "Mummy", are beginning to irritate, though their willingness to accept Greg and Abby as their parents provides a subtly disturbing reminder of the resilience of children — pointing out that they are not brother and sister, but have become such as a result of the Death.

Despite such occasional insights however, this episode remains uninvolving, with little semblance of structure and pace. It seems about to come to an end on several occasions, and there is no sort of climax whatsoever (unless one counts the return to the fold of the children's dog). It serves merely as an introduction for the situations and characters which will dominate the rest of the season, and as such is more of a necessity than a pleasure. (4)

Spoil of War sees the addition of former agricultural commune member Paul Pitman (Chris Tranchell) to the community, and seems set initially to be a 50 minute lecture on agricultural techniques, as he points out all the practicalities the rest of the community have ignored. But having abandoned his attempts to salvage a tractor on Paul's advice, Greg remembers the intact vehicle Vic Thatcher had collected before his death in *Genesis,* and sends Price off to collect it. Except of course that Thatcher wasn't dead, and has managed to survive since he was abandoned. When Price doesn't return, Greg rides off to rescue, only to walk into an ambush.

Meanwhile, a vague discussion of the rights of property develops as financier Arthur Russell and his secretary Charmain (the first survivors to have known each other before the Death) arrive at Abby's community. Despite Clive Exton's pseudonymous contribution to the script however such things remain undeveloped, and the implications of personal property in a time when survival can only be assured by mutual co-operation are left for another episode to consider. Such things do not a sub-plot, let alone an episode, make.

Vic's return, understandably embittered and vengeful, therefore provides some much needed *oomph* for this tape. But nevertheless, these scenes are more notable for the plot possibilities they create than for those they pursue, and with no great moral issues to consider, and only basic, realistically simplistic action, *Spoil of War* remains a run of the mill episode. (5)



By the end of this tape however a stable situation has apparently been created, within which a variety of plots can be played out. In a few months time, Peter Linford will be turning his attention to the next Survivors tape. Having read his review, I feel I have to get my retaliation in first, by saying that *Law and Order,* as far as I'm concerned, is perhaps British telefantasy's finest hour, and personally speaking I'd have had no hesitation in giving it a ten.

Anthony Brown

MYTH MAKERS 24-26

ONE OF THE minus points of being an occasional contributor to DWB is that you never know where or when Gary Leigh will strike next. One morning recently I was about to leave the house when the postman knocked bearing a rather large parcel which when opened revealed three *Myth Makers* releases. I guessed it would have something to do with the legendary Mr. Leigh (or sir as he likes to be known now that he is Executive editor).

So after a relatively sane 18 months I'm back in front of my ever faithful video for a run down on *Reeltime*'s latest batch of videos.

Tape 24 (which has actually been available for a while now) is given over to a lady not known for her high profile in Whodom, Dodo Chaplet herself, Jackie Lane. I have to put my hand up and confess that I can only remember seeing Miss Lane in one episode (the rather excellent *Celestial Toymaker* 4) so I'm obviously not going to name her as my specialised subject on Mastermind.

What immediately struck me was that the tape was studio bound, with Nicholas Briggs and Jackie Lane in front of a computer generated image of the familiar TARDIS roundels with scanner screen conveniently displaying photos and facts from Miss Lane's time on the show. Throughout the interview she comes over as a rather down to earth lady somewhat bemused at the attention she has received for her brief (19 episode) run alongside the Doctor.

We are taken through her days with the Library Theatre in Manchester, being beaten by Rita Tushingham for the lead in the film *A Taste of Honey* and eventually towards Who. Remembering Hartnell as "Tetchy, but quite a nice man" Miss Lane remarks on having watched *The Ark* the previous evening "It's like watching a total stranger... I didn't know anything about camera technique". Like so many of the actors involved in making the series in the early 60s memories are understandably fragmented but Jackie Lane's reminisences of her acting days pulls the viewer through, occasionally giving gentle hints as to her co-stars irascibility; "(*The Celestial Toymaker*) went well probably because Bill was on holiday."

Her appearance at ManoptiCon is seized upon and this much sought after guest was quite literally amazed at the reaction she got — "I signed autographs for four hours" she tells us incredulously — but sadly for us concludes that she won't be attending another convention.

A very straight forward interview all told, some nice graphics but after the outdoor adventures of previous tapes it all seemed a bit clinical. (6)

The first of the new releases on the list is the always delightful pairing of Barry Letts and Terrance Dicks, two men who have contributed more than most to Doctor Who's success over the years. At 72 minutes the longest of the new tapes, as might be expected, but something of a shock to find Nick Briggs in a cheap studio setting like a trainee Russell Harty without the campness.

But luckily the subjects are on form and with a mutual admiration they find hard to disguise we get a whirlwind account of behind the scenes during the late 60's and early 70's centring mostly, thanks to Terrance, on the script writing and editing.

As with any interview related to the Pertwee years there is the essential "Wasn't *The Daemons* brilliant, we all had such fun" type gushing (I'd willingly pay the cast to Return to Devil's End and stay there so that I don't have to listen to any more superlatives being trotted out for this over rated story!) As the dynamic duo go on about this and that obviously enjoying their stroll down memory lane Nick Briggs starts to get a bit edgy as the clock ticks away and time runs out just as talk begins to centre on the ninth season. So all in all there is a lot of ground not covered, not even the forming of the Tom Baker, Liz Sladen and Ian Marter team. But it's such a warm, jolly video that a second volume seems a must, but for goodness sake abandon the studio and get them into a nicer setting, it makes such a difference.(8)

Before I go on to the final release I'd just like to spare a minute in praise of Nicholas Briggs. I'm a big fan of the thinning one, always bringing authority with gentle shafts of wit, always calm and composed struggling to find new ways of asking the same questions. When I die I'd like to be re-incarnated as Mr. Briggs, actor-presenter-author — he can do it all. My hero. A real smoothy!

Anyway, back to the plot. Tape 26 is Anneke Wills, that stunning lady who accompanied the Doctor during his first change of appearance. If you are a fan who is interested solely in what an actor has to say about Doctor Who and nothing else then this tape is not for you, however if — like me — you are content to listen to a well travelled, intelligent, fascinating lady who just happens to have been in Doctor Who for a while then you'll find a rare treat in this volume. Simply one of the most relaxed chats of the series, with great direction by Robert Moubert coupled with a haunting guitar score by Ian Salmon but dominated by the gentle charisma of Anneke herself. An extraordinary lady who has lived at various times in India, Belgium, California and Germany but here returns us to her old haunts in Norfolk and a glimpse of the lifestyle she led running a meditation centre for 2 years.

Her memories, like Jackie Lane's, are not plentiful on Who but her reactions are straight from the heart: Hartnell ("A bugger"), Troughton (" I fancied him rotten") and the rest are covered with an enthusiasm that makes it difficult to believe that she's not a convention regular — or wasn't until Stephen James Walker tracked her down to Canada to propel her back into the past at ManoptiCon. Indeed she attributes the re-emergence of Doctor Who in her life to the triggering of the next phase in her nomadic life-style which with a bit of luck will bring her back to her admirers in Britain.

This (along with the 1989 Tom Baker volume) has to be my favourite so far, everything is just so tranquil and Anneke is beguiling. Buy it now and bombard Reeltime with requests for a follow-up. **10 out of 10**

So there you have it, a rather pleasant set of tapes. I've had a great time, and hopefully you the reader will be intrigued enough by one (or all) of these releases to find out more for yourselves. This has been Robert Cope for DWB, now back to the serious stuff...

All Reeltime releases are available by mail order from: John Fitton (Books & Magazines), 1 Orchard Way, Hensall, Nr. Goole, North Humberside. DN14 0RT.

UNDER THE HAMMER

FOR SOME of the fans amongst us who enjoy collecting props and costumes from the world of Doctor Who, the Bonham's auction in May 1991 may have been the event of the year. (Well, if you had the money...)

As the title of this video production by Archangel Media suggests *Under the Hammer* is a documentary following the events which unfolded on that day. Everything from the preview showing of the costumes in the morning, to the glorious technicolour of the sale itself and the calculation of the final sales figures at the end of the day is recorded for posterity.

All of this is presented by Liam Rudden, who punctuated footage from the event with cuts to interviews with auctioneers, bemused models who enjoyed prancing about in Dalek Guard costumes and catering assistants who had even made a TARDIS shaped cake especially for the event.

The best of the interviews, however, is with the auctioneer for the event, Duncan Chilcott who seemed to know his stuff and enjoyed showing off a bit! Although not as much as the man who could be seen wearing a rather splendid waistcoat with a Dalek on it - Mr. Bonham's auction house himself, Charles Bonham. Both men seemed rather pleased to be selling something other than antique clocks or china for change... And the enthusiasm for the event of the auction house and all its staff came through very clearly - all seemed to be working hard to make it a success.

The auction itself is by far the most interesting section of the tape, as highly amused models giggle their way backwards and forwards whilst wearing the costumes the wrong way round and without the necessary make-up and effects, so that outfits acquired a totally new look, and made it seem incredible in some cases that the lots could be identified. Amazing as this was, even more amazing were the huge prices that some complete pieces of tat seemed to be going for... All right if you've got the cash or the inclination I suppose!

The audience is shown regularly, and it's interesting to note that they often shared my incredulity at the prices if their expressions were anything to go by, well, except for those who were earnestly trying to out bid each other for Daleks and similarly useful items. Some bidders seemed more camera shy than others.

All of this is combined with well-executed special effects which are used to maximum benefit with segments of footage from various parts of the auction being placed in the interviews, via a split screen or a fade in and out effect: at the end this also enables us to see two Liam Ruddens, one even more theatrical than the other... Mixed with some excellent camera work and original music it lends the production a very professional look.

I did begin to feel mildly irritated by Mr Rudden's apparent inability to pronounce the word 'pounds' properly, as he kept dropping the 's' at the end, and the constant use of the phrase 'Under the Hammer'. Still, we don't live in a perfect world...

So, if you're a fan of merchandise and costume collection in particular, or didn't manage to make it down to London for the event but wish you had, then this is the perfect video for you. If not it may be a little specialised, but it's an excellent documentary on a day in the life of an auction house and may be your last chance to see some of the costumes that were sold, before they hide themselves away in the collections of rich fans.

Professionally produced, lots of fun and well worth a look. (8)

Amanda Murray

Information from: Archangel Media, PO Box 1111, Edinburgh, EH7 5JN.

COMPETITION

We've got three copies each of Archangel Media's *Under the Hammer* and *Reverse the Polarity* to give away to anyone who can tell us:
For *Reverse the Polarity*: What is Jon Pertwee's date of birth?
For *Under the Hammer*: Where in London is Bonham's auction house?
Postcards to the editorial address by 30th September.

FORGOTTEN BLOODBATH

Above: Anne (Annette Robinson) faces Steven (Peter Purves), Nicholas (David Weston) & Gaston (Eric Thompson)

ONE COULD BE FORGIVEN for entertaining the belief that Doctor Who had undergone a four week break in transmission during February 1966. The time destructor had done its worst, rolling back the years on the Daleks and grinding Sara Kingdom to dust. The Monoids were waiting in the wings, heat prods charged to do battle in the 57th Segment. What lies between is a story now generally known as *The Massacre*. The four episodes fell prey to the merciless magnet of Pamela Nash sometime in the 70s; hardly any photographs appear to have been taken; even the long overdue novelization of the story was to prove completely different from the transmitted version. To the best of my awareness, the only published writing on this story in particular remains the archive in Issue 49 of *Doctor Who Monthly*, published in January 1981, and of course the CMS release. There's small likelihood of the surviving soundtrack, with its lack of monsters, being released as part of the BBC Audio series, although the script is eminently suitable for publication.

The apparent lack of interest in the later Hartnell stories, and this one in particular, is perplexing. This was a period of Doctor Who when the experimentation advocated by many of the series' disciples was carried out. The stories overseen at least in part by John Wiles (*The Myth Makers* to *The Gunfighters*, and I'd include *The Savages* as a kind of stylistic hangover) are all gems. A wide variety of approaches are displayed, from the gritty cartoonery of *The Daleks' Masterplan* to the disturbing surrealism of *The Celestial Toymaker*, all of them more intriguing and entertaining than the rather tired antics and gimmickry of Season Two. And undoubtedly the best of them all is *The Massacre*.

It's important to remember at this point that the story was only meant to be known under that name (or by the fuller one of *The Massacre of St. Bartolomew's Eve)* by the production team and the sales people at BBC Enterprises. To the viewers it appeared under its individual episode titles.

That may sound obvious but in the context of the script it's vitally important. While the average sixties schoolchild or Mum and Dad might be expected to know at least something about the travels of Marco Polo or the warlords of the Third Crusade, the horrific slaying of 3,000 Protestants in sixteenth century France is hardly in common cultural currency. The Doctor himself, absent from most of the story, doesn't realize what is about to happen until midway through the final episode. Crucially, however, it is Steven' ignorance of the significance of his surroundings that propels the narrative to its heart-rending conclusion.

The story takes place on two levels, separated by a line that only three characters — Colbert, de Coligny and to an extent, the Abbot — move between. The first level is Steven's story. Abandoned (apparently), he is trying to work out what the Doctor (apparently) is up to. Neither he nor the viewers can be sure of the Abbot's identity. This involves him falling in with the younger Huguenots of de Coligny's political persuasion and entering their life of suspicion, powerplay and intrigue. It is through them that he joins up with the spirited Anne Chaplette. Both are fugitives by the end of Episode Three, teamed up because neither has anybody else to turn to.

The second level shows the actions of the Royal Court and its attendant lackeys of the Catholic Guise party manoeuvring as event follows event in the four days before 24 August 1572, until the moment when the Queen Mother orders Tavannes to forget his list of prominent Huguenots in favour of an indiscriminate massacre.

In its closing minutes, the repercussions of these events combine to create a dramatically explosive situation. The Doctor sends Anne back to her Aunt's home and the TARDIS departs as the tocsin bell sounds the beginning of the slaughter. It is only when the ship is in flight that the Doctor reveals the truth to Steven. As Steven says, the Doctor sent Anne to her death. And as the Doctor soliloquizes, Steven, along with all his previous companions, cannot begin to appreciate the full picture. The situation is similar to Lucarotti's previous dabbling with history in *The Aztecs*. In that case, however, Barbara's determination to steer Aztec life along more 'civilized' lines stemmed from her own cultural background and a horror at the different value placed upon life and death by another. It was the Doctor's place to point out that such intervention was doomed to failure, although it's unclear whether for immediately practical or pseudo-scientific reasons. In *The Massacre*, Steven's values are counterpointed by those of the Doctor himself. It is the Doctor's attitude to life that is called into question. "We're all too small to realize its (history's) final pattern ... I was right to do as I did. Yes, that I firmly believe."

Fatalism is a strong theme in the series at this point. Katarina's death was foretold by Cassandra; the Doctor remarks of Sara that "the only thing she lived for" was to see the destruction of the Daleks; an untimely cold triggers the conflict that will secure the continuation of the human species. The appearance of Dodo on Wimbledon Common is, fictionally speaking, perhaps the only instance of direct intervention by God in a Doctor Who storyline. Steven and the Doctor are reconciled in the belief that somebody or something on the celestial plane is knitting away at the universe to form a pattern that mortals cannot comprehend.

From a strict continuity viewpoint none of this makes much sense when compared to most other stories, as the Doctor is not in the habit of abandoning bystanders to a bloody demise. Perhaps, as David Whitaker's prologue to the novelization of *The Crusade* suggests, this is because of his selective foreknowledge. He possesses enviable learning in almost every aspect of Earth history up until about 1950, and thus knows when to interfere (against Sutekh, for example) and when to stand back and go with the flow, as in this story. Whatever the case, such dilemmas make the character and the decisions he makes more engaging for the viewer than the ponderous moralizing of many other screen heroes.

The implications of the conclusion aside, the main body of the story is unusually involved, another hallmark of the Wiles era. After twelve weeks of pyramids, jungles and g-force generators, the complex political background of sixteenth century France must have come as something of a surprise. The setting is handled extremely well, through the plot device of Steven pretending to be a visiting Englishman. The absence of the Doctor gives the middle episodes an odd flavour, further adding to the heavy atmosphere of impending disaster.

Another delight to be taken in this story are the characterizations. Unlike previous historicals, the grim nature of the events militates against the inclusion of any lightweight or comic characters. Gaston and Nicholas, Steven's friends, are filled with the zeal of young men with nothing to lose. Their master, de Coligny, possesses the charm and good sense that one might expect from a man who has achieved so much for his faction and won the approval of the King. His final words in the story, "I hope I have not made life more dangerous for you by continuing to live," show that his great intelligence has already reasoned the likely consequences of his escape from the assassin's bullet. They also reinforce his genuine concern and commitment to his people and their beliefs; a conviction that made him so dangerous to the Queen Mother.

The portrayal of Catherine suggests a religious fervour coupled with a ruthless selfishness. Her dealings with her son, the wayward tennis enthusiast King Charles IX, are fascinating despite their brevity. Nothing he can do surprises her. Her abrupt departure from the council chamber following de Coligny's goading increases the viewers' dislike of her. The failed attempt on de Coligny's life merely encourages her to commence horrendous measures against her opponents, although she bows to Tavannes' insistence that Henri of Navarre be spared. The photographs and the soundtrack suggest that Joan Young's performance may well be one of the most underrated in the entire series.

The regular cast are also handled extremely well. The Doctor starts the story off by disappearing to meet germinologist Charles Preslin, something so entirely in character it makes the heart sing. Steven is given more depth than usual, his argumentative and impulsive nature actually making all the difference in the narrative. Peter Purves gives undoubtedly his best performance, unencumbered by Dodo who often made him appear rather straight laced and wooden in later stories.

The Massacre works better on audio alone than any other of the missing episodes simply because of its talkative nature. From the soundtrack it's hard to imagine any visual flaws that could seriously impede the success of the original transmission. The atmosphere is perhaps more grim than that of any other story. Each episode shows the events of one day, opening and closing with the tolling of the tocsin bell. The stock incidental music, crashing drums and cymbals, goes a long way towards heightening the tension. The performances are all excellent, with particular credit to Leonard Sachs and former Quatermass Andre Morell. Annette Robertson as the doomed Anne, following on from the doomed Katarina and doomed Sara, is a much more interesting and better acted character than her descendant and successor and might perhaps have made a worthier addition to the TARDIS crew, although that would have invalidated the point of the story.

John Lucarotti's novelization, with its more swashbuckling plot, lacks the feeling of increasing dread present in Donald Tosh's script rewrites. The implications of the Doctor's reluctance to interfere are all but swept aside in a couple of flippant asides to the Time Lords, of all people. On this evidence, I think Tosh was right to rewrite.

Within weeks, Innes Lloyd arrived to take control of the series. He maintained high production standards and boosted ratings, but I can't help feeling sorry that Wiles and Tosh didn't remain with the series for a good deal longer. Their willingness to experiment and innovate is reflected in the diversity of the transmitted stories, which nearly always strived to widen the sophisticated range of family SF drama. By midway through Season Four, Doctor Who was stuck in a straitjacket of derivation that was to endure for many years. Hugely successful and highly enjoyable this may have been, but I'll always prefer *The Ark* to *The War Machines*.

And *The Massacre* is the missing story I'd most like to see returned to the archives. You can keep your Yeti and Weed Creatures, fun though they may be. But to see the woodcuts, Hartnell as the Abbot, the final scene... it's the one for me!

Robert Tweed

Above: A companion, or a Sign? Dodo (Jackie Lane) - The Ark

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